

JAN 13 1950

DETROIT

# PUNCH

DECEMBER

28

1949

Vol. CCXVII

No. 5692

*My word...*

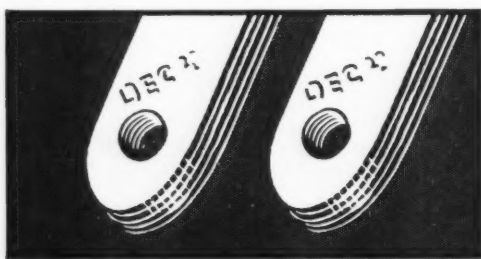


Underwear · Knitwear · Socks

J. B. LEWIS & SONS, LTD., Nottingham.

Est. 1875.

Suppliers to the Wholesale Trade.

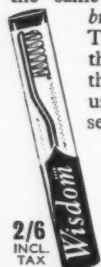


## Date test proves *Wisdom* natural bristle lasts longer

THIS advertisement is a friendly challenge—to prove to your own satisfaction which natural bristle toothbrush gives you the best service. Buy a *Wisdom* natural bristle toothbrush and at the same time any other 2/6 bristle brush you like.

Then, having scratched the date you bought them on the handles, use them alternately and see which lasts longer.

We do not claim that natural bristle wears as well as nylon, but you will find that *Wisdom* bristle toothbrushes definitely stay brisk and lively when other natural bristle brushes have gone limp and soggy. That's because *Wisdom* are made only from finest Chungking and Siberian bristles, acknowledged by the experts to be the best in the world. But don't take our word for it. Make the 'date' test and prove it yourself.



2/6  
INCL.  
TAX

**Wisdom** THE DE LUXE NATURAL BRISTLE TOOTHBRUSH

MADE BY ADAMS LTD. OF HERTFORD, MAKERS OF THE FIRST TOOTHBRUSH IN 1780



## Opening a tin of that Tobacco, by pulling the rubber tab, is the start of a Smoker's Feast . . .

This week's Testimony to the goodness of Barneys PUNCHBOWLE comes from the U.S. ZONE of OCCUPATION . . . from a former Enemy.

To John Sinclair Ltd.

Bahnhofstrasse, — —

Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

U.S. Zone, Germany, 14/11/49

Dear Sirs,

I first encountered PUNCHBOWLE in England in 1938 on a trip of vacation. My second encounter happened on the Normandy Battle Front in 1944, shortly after D Day . . . after the Avranches break-through I happened to be present when a storehouse was emptied in Chartres. They had PUNCHBOWLE there, stored since the days when the B.E.F. left. In Aug. '44, after 4 years, that tobacco was still fresh and full of flavour.

Living in the U.S. Zone of Occupation, I am of course acquainted with all the American pipe tobaccos that there exist. They are much better than the German Brands but there is by far none like PUNCHBOWLE. Opening a tin of that Tobacco, by pulling the rubber ring, is the start of a Smoker's Feast.

(The original letter can be inspected at The Barneys Sales Bureau, 24 Holborn, E.C.1.)

TO YOUNGER SMOKERS,  
EVERYWHERE!

Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

(313)

★ Punchbowl (full), Barneys (medium), and Parsons Pleasure (mild). Home Prices 4/3½d. oz.

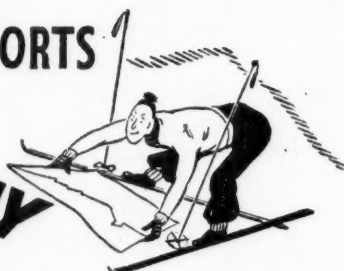
John Sinclair Ltd., Manufacturers, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Eng.

# FLY

TO

## WINTER SPORTS

# IN NORWAY



The recent currency devaluation spotlights a special 'Winter Sports in Norway' Scheme and makes it even more attractive for enthusiasts to enjoy a truly carefree holiday where the absolute maximum is obtained for our limited foreign currency allowance.

This Winter Sports Scheme is devised for the individual traveller and comprises air travel by four-engined Skymasters, excellent hotel accommodation at selected hotels, and is all-inclusive.

Norway is undoubtedly the Winter Sports rendezvous for the 1949-50 season, where Sterling still buys a pound's worth of holiday pleasure. Illustrated brochure and full details from your usual Travel Agency or from S.A.S., 185, Regent Street, W.1. Tel.: REGent 6777.

# SCANDINAVIAN

AIRLINES SYSTEM

# SAS

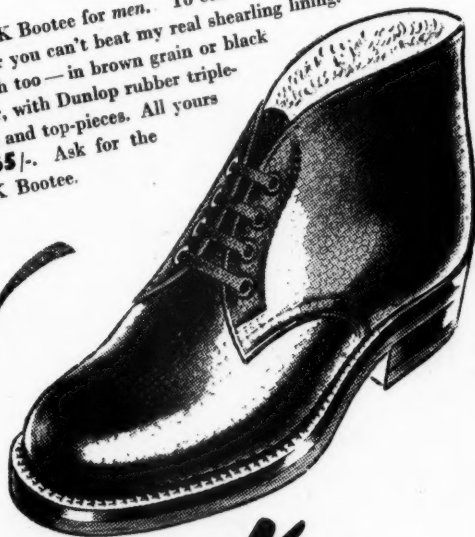


Direct air routes from London and Glasgow to all parts of Scandinavia.

FLY S A S TO NORTH AND SOUTH AMERICA

*Now it's Men's turn for comfort!*

I'm the K Bootee for men. To comfort your feet in cold weather you can't beat my real shearling lining. I'm tough too — in brown grain or black leather, with Dunlop rubber triple-stud soles and top-pieces. All yours for 65/-. Ask for the Men's K Bootee.



*today's shoes - K shoes*

## By Telephone and Cable

The discoveries of the travelling correspondent who sets a girdle round the earth by a world-hop from capital to capital have their own undoubted value. Foreign news, different in kind, more balanced in perspective and more cumulative in effect, is provided by the team of staff correspondents of The Times posted in almost every important world centre.

A practical journalist, a student of history and a man of affairs, The Times correspondent in Washington or Warsaw, Delhi or Damascus has his part to play in a world-wide Imperial and Foreign News service. His primary function is to give a straightforward and accurate report, free from emotion or prejudice, on the daily march of events. From such objective reports in the News columns, supported and clarified at intervals by Special Articles on the leader page, the reader of The Times draws a faithful and steadily illuminated picture of world history in the making.

# THE TIMES

Obtainable from your newsagent or bookstall



*'My Dear, you look ten years younger!'*



That is the result of wearing a Linia belt! This scientific method of control not only improves a man's figure but makes him feel a great deal fitter too. Why not investigate this sensible, inconspicuous garment? There are Linia Shorts too. Free booklet on the Linia Method from Dept. B28, at the address below.

# LINIA BELTS

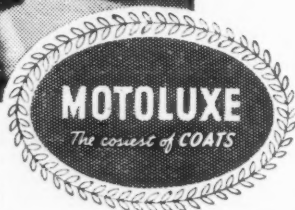
Sold only by J. ROUSSEL Ltd.

177 Regent St., London W1 Phone Reg 7570

3 Old Jewry, London EC2 Phone Met 0609

and at Birmingham, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow





Improved supplies of the authentic "MOTOLUXE" Fur Fabric Coats are now becoming available through the leading Retail Stores. In case of difficulty write to us for the address of the nearest Agent.

LEE BROTHERS (OVERWEAR) LTD., Queen St. Works, 54 Regina Street, London, N.W.1  
1848—Established over 100 Years—1949

\* MOTOLUXE MOTOR RUGS are again obtainable in the home trade.

*that's  
what I  
call a lovely  
figure!*

... there's better finish ... and  
more ideas ... in  
Gothic brassieres  
and ...

**N.B.**  
foundations

## The kindest powder in the world

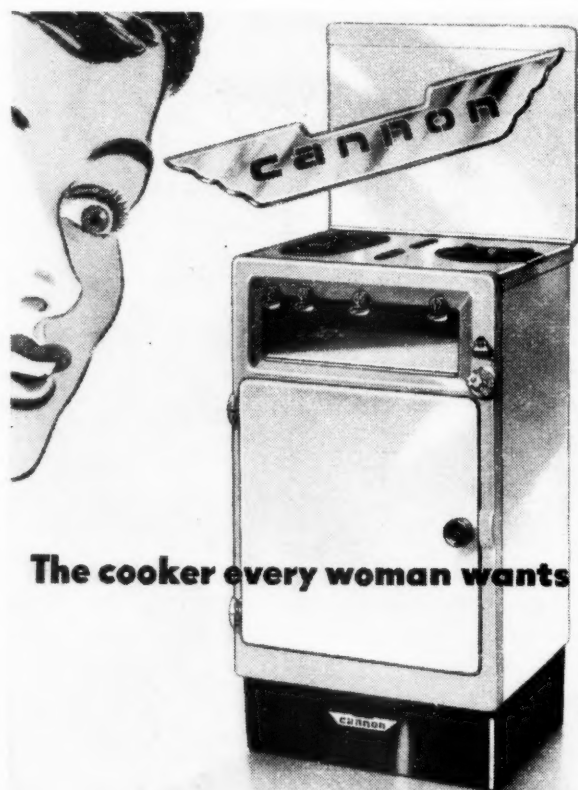
For more than 50 years  
babies have revelled  
in its soothing  
softness at bathtime

And Johnson's Baby Soap  
is back again.  
Be sure to ask for it.



**Johnson's**  
Trade Mark  
**BABY POWDER**

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD. SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE



**The cooker every woman wants**

Available at your local Gas Showrooms



**Keep Your Nails Clean,  
and Hands Well Groomed!**

Perox Chlor is the Magic Nail Cleaner and Hand Beautifier. It takes out the dirt, makes the tips Ivory White and leaves the hands **SOFT, WHITE AND FRAGRANT.**

Your nails and hands will always look well groomed when using this **NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT. NO MESS!! NO BOTHER!!** Just squeeze a little on your nail brush and shampoo your nails and hands. Presto!! Your nails and hands become immaculate immediately.

Thousands use Perox Chlor every day. And what a boon it is to surgeons, doctors, gardeners, motorists, housewives, typists, nurses, sailors, soldiers, airmen, farmers and many more besides.

From all Chemists and Stores. In tubes and jars.

★ **OUR GUARANTEE.** We guarantee that Perox-Chlor is made from materials selected as being the best of their kind, processed in an original manner and designed to produce an article of outstanding merit. It is guaranteed to keep in good condition until used and may be stored in any kind of climate.

**KEENES**  
**Perox-Chlor**  
*A marvel of Scientific Chemistry*

KEENES LABORATORIES LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, 4.

LANDSAILOR  
ARTIST  
NURSE  
SOLDIER  
CYCLIST  
HOUSEWIFE  
MUSICIAN  
POLICEMAN  
PAINTER  
FOOTBALLER  
SAILOR  
GARDENER

SHOP ASSISTANT  
TYPIST  
COOK  
KNITTER  
FARMER  
NANNIE  
BANKER  
HIKER  
MOTORIST  
WAITRESS  
GOLFER  
SCHOOLGIRL  
SCHOOLMASTER  
ENGINEER  
CLEANER  
JOCKEY  
DENTIST

# Water won't wet

# Tygan

## WOVEN FABRIC

One of the most remarkable characteristics of Tygan is that it is a fabric which won't get wet. You can sponge it down to clean it. You can use it out of doors, and it won't rot or mould. As a flyscreen in the tropics, it is unaffected by conditions of extreme humidity. On board ship it doesn't even mind sea water.

The negligible water absorption of Tygan, combined with its excellent wearing and hygienic qualities, commends it for a wide range of special uses. For the seats in cars, buses and trains; for garden furniture; for chairs in cafes, bars, hotels; for cinema and theatre seats.



TYGAN UPHOLSTERY  
FABRIC



TYGAN FLY NET

**Write for illustrated folder** with patterns, quoting reference L6 to FOTHERGILL & HARVEY LTD., Harvester House, Peter Street, Manchester 2

# PALLADIUM

Gold, platinum. . . and palladium—three precious metals for fine jewellery. Palladium, rarer than gold and having the whiteness characteristic of platinum, is lighter and less costly than either. Ask your jeweller about Palladium for modern settings.



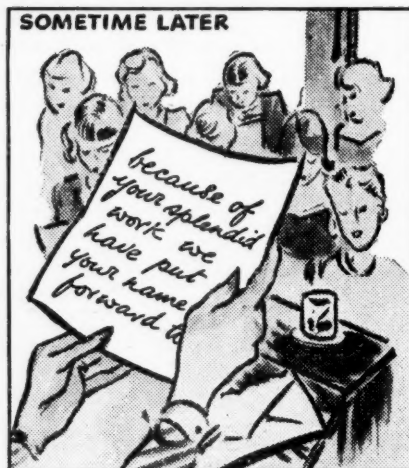
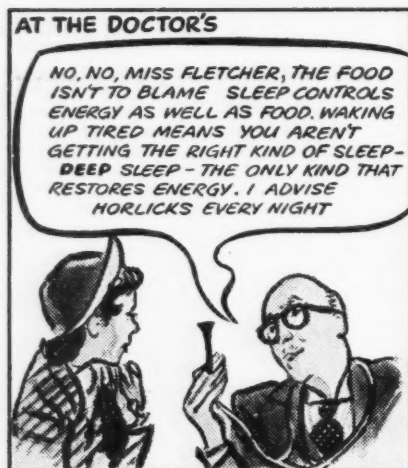
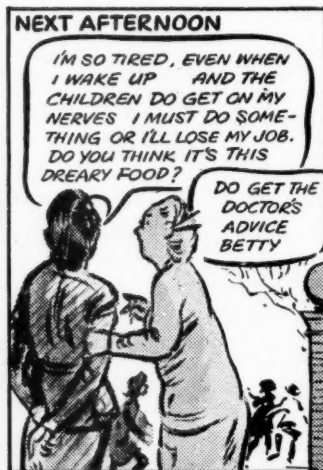
In this exquisite piece of jewellery, which was exhibited at the British Industries Fair, sapphires and diamonds combine with Palladium in a superb and fascinating effect.

Z9a

PLATINUM METALS DIVISION  
The Mond Nickel Company Limited  
Sunderland House, Curzon Street, London, W.1



# Her last chance



## Is tiredness making you edgy, depressed?

ARE YOU NERVY, edgy, constantly tired? Do you feel that any effort is just *too* much? Then you are not getting the right kind of sleep. Energy is controlled by sleep as well as by food, but only *deep* sleep can give you *enough* energy, make you buoyant, *alive*. Try a nightly cup of Horlicks—the delicious, soothing drink that invites deep sleep. Soon you'll find yourself waking refreshed, invigorated, ready for anything.

## HORLICKS



*Wonderful memories*



*await you this*  
**Winter**

... here at Bournemouth you will find pleasant relaxation ... moderate temperatures and a variety of recreations so wide as to cater for every demand. You will never forget your stay at Bournemouth ... the invigorating pine-perfumed sea air ... the comforting climate, such rare moments will become lovely memories in the years ahead.

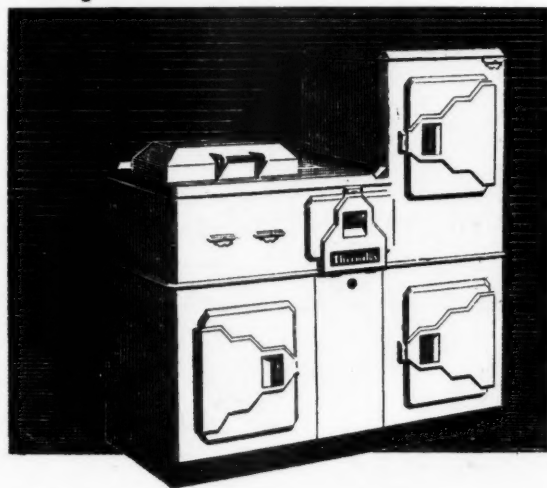
**Come to**

**Bournemouth**

**The All-Seasons South Coast Resort**

*Restaurant Car Expresses from Waterloo.  
All-Pullman 'Bournemouth Belle' runs daily*  
Send for Guide Book (Post 6d.), P.O. please, or free folder and Hotel List from W. Birtwistle, Information Bureau, Room 58, Westover Road

*in your kitchen...*

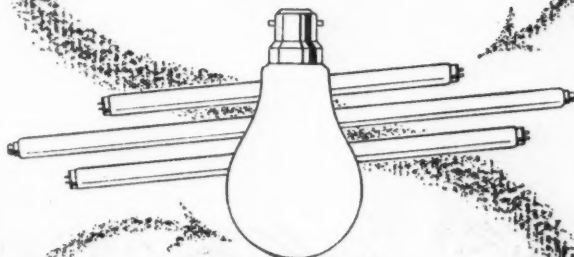


**Britain's most modern Heat-Storage Cooker and Water Heater** • An all-electric unit • Two ovens, grill, hot-plate, simmer-plate • A constant supply of hot water • Fully automatic twenty-four hour service.

**Thermolux**

Full details of these exclusive Heat-Storage Units can be obtained from approved Thermolux Agents or from Thermo-Cookers Ltd., 77 Great Peter Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Telephone: Whitehall 7233.

**Consistently bright  
and reliable!**



**Just one name to  
insist on for good lighting**

**Osram**  
the wonderful lamp

**Filament or Fluorescent**

A S&C PRODUCT

THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO. LTD.



**Monsieur  
Joannes prize recipe!**

Most people agree that Maconochie's Tomato Soup has a specially delicious flavour. And the praise is due to Monsieur Joannes.

You see, Monsieur Joannes is a famous French chef. Not only are all Maconochie's Soups made from his recipes, but he keeps an eagle eye on ingredients and cooking. Treat yourself to the Tomato—it's so rich and full of flavour! You'll take your hat off to Maconochie's Monsieur Joannes.

**Trust Maconochies  
for flavour**



Suit by  
**Maenson**



Yours for  
To-day

— Yours for Years

Celebrate the New Year in a new suit by Maenson. It bears the insignia of quality—really good cloth, perfect cut and a personal fit that rivals a first-class 'bespoke.' Try one on at any Maenson Agent's Man's Shop or leading stores in London and the Provinces. Average price £18—£20.

For your nearest Agent's address please write 'Maenson' 106 Regent Street, London, W.1.



IN THE SERVICE OF THRIFT FOR A CENTURY

THE

## ABBEE NATIONAL

BUILDING SOCIETY

which this year celebrates its hundredth anniversary, is marking the occasion by a relaxation of its investment restrictions. Until further notice existing shareholders may add any sum to their share accounts, provided the total does not exceed £5,000. New shareholders may invest up to £5,000. (Husband and wife are considered as one for this purpose.)

This is a  
Safety-First  
Investment

CURRENT  
**2¼%**  
YIELD

Income tax  
borne by the  
Society

FURTHER PARTICULARS FROM

Head Office

ABBEE HOUSE, BAKER STREET, LONDON N.W.1



CVS-223

**four  
against  
pain**

MODERN medical science has proved that for real relief from pain, what is needed is not one remedial agent, but a combination of *four*. \* These four agents—acetyl-salicylic acid, phenacetin and codeine (which are sedatives) and caffeine (which is a stimulant) combined together, act synergistically in 'Cogene'. That is why 'Cogene' is so effective for quick and satisfying relief of headaches, rheumatic pains, toothache, backache, neuralgia, and for help against colds. Non-habit forming. No harmful after-effects. 1/3 from all chemists.

**'COGENE'**

Regd. Brand Tablets

the perfect modern formula  
for the 4-way relief of pain

A 'GENATOSAN' PRODUCT



**Making Light Work of your Lighting Mains**

..... and other electric mains, too.

A new technique developed by a J. & P. research team enables aluminium with all its superior qualities to be used in place of the customary lead for sheathing electric power cables.

**J.&P.**

**SEAMLESS ALUMINIUM**

**SHEATHED CABLES**

Another development by

**JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD. LONDON, S.E.7**

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERS AND CABLE MAKERS SINCE 1875

BRITISH PATENT NOS. 627815 & 627793

## Electric Speed for HAND PLANING

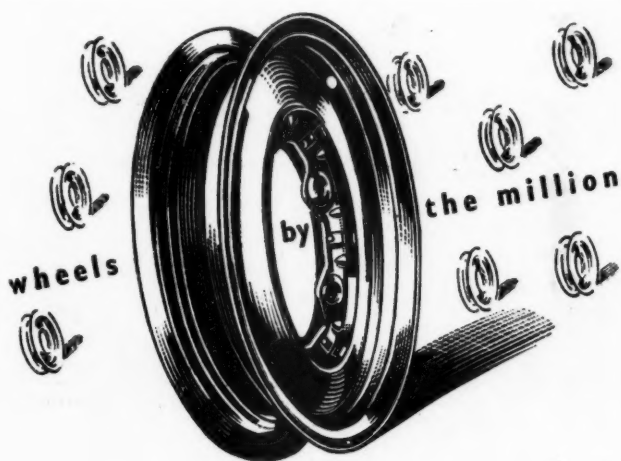
Everything a jack-plane can do this Electric hand plane does 10 times faster with a tenth of the effort. Also cuts end grain and across the grain without 'break away.' Planes up to any width.

Instantaneous single-knob adjustment for depth of cut. Operates from mains or our portable generators. Price £35.0.0. Full particulars on request.



### TARPLANER Electric HAND PLANE

BRITISH EQUIPMENT CO., LTD., (BU), IXWORTH HOUSE, IXWORTH PLACE, LONDON, S.W.3. 'Phone: KENSington 3491 (7 lines).  
Concessionaires for SKILSAW SAWS and SANDERS



Our new wheel plant turns out thousands of wheels of all types for Britain's automobile industry. But we help to keep things moving in many other directions. Chassis Frames and Panels of all kinds, Metal Furniture, Housing Parts, Metal Trim and many other types of pressed and welded steel work are handled with equal efficiency at our modern plant at Wellington.

## SANKEY

JOSEPH SANKEY & SONS, LTD.

HADLEY CASTLE WORKS, WELLINGTON, SHROPSHIRE.  
Telephone: 500 Wellington, Shropshire. Telegrams: Sankey, Wellington, Shropshire.

## Salesman plus . . . .



technician—a desirable combination where industrial lubricants are concerned. Few oils can be bought by rule-of-thumb methods—even specifications can be dangerous! That is why factories of every type are better lubricated when the man who books the order is practical enough to roll up his sleeves and go right on the job. Our representatives can do this in many cases. We believe industrial lubrication requires this expert, personal approach and invite you to test it. One minute's dictation to your secretary will initiate action.

INDUSTRIAL LUBRICATION BY

**FLETCHER MILLER**

FLETCHER MILLER LIMITED

HYDE

NEAR MANCHESTER

CFS2

### ★ FOR AIR-MINDED CHAIRMEN AND DIRECTORS

## What couldn't you do with 3 days in Buenos Aires?

You can be there and back within a week and a day

THREE DAYS in Buenos Aires would give you fresh insight into the special problems of your Argentine market—not to speak of that vital "personal contact" which in South America often means so much.

Flying by B.O.A.C., you can leave London on a Friday, for example—arrive in Buenos Aires on Sunday—re-embark on Thursday—and be back in London on Saturday, only eight days later!

B.O.A.C. aircrews have inherited the centuries-old British tradition of courtesy, reliability and navigating skill. Excellent hot or cold meals are served, there is a well-stocked bar, and passengers are waited on by a steward and stewardess.

### FAST, FREQUENT SERVICES

From London to  
Rio de Janeiro - 4 flights weekly  
São Paulo - 2 " "  
Montevideo - 3 " "  
Buenos Aires - 3 " "

Subject to alteration

### It's often cheaper to ship by air

Lower insurance, packing and warehousing costs—and also, in shipping to countries that assess Customs Duties by gross weight, the lighter packaging—means that air freight to South America is often actually cheaper than sea freight

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

## FLY BY B.O.A.C.

Reservations and information at no extra charge from Travel Agents, or from British Overseas Airways Corporation, Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.1. (Victoria 2323)

# This England . . .



*Ashridge Park—Herts*

**H**E WHO PLANTS an avenue of trees, cannot, in the nature of things, hope to enjoy them in their grandeur — he plants them for England. Much that we have and prize to-day comes of that attitude in our fathers. They did not make or build "to last their time," but rather that something worthy should mark their passage—their good live after them. We, too, must keep this tradition of the thing well made, that our children's children may be beholden to us. Even in simple matters it can be done; are we not beholden to some centuries of careful craft-proud men, that such a daily need as Bass (or is yours Worthington) is so superbly filled?



# ROSS'S

BELFAST

GINGER ALE  
SODA WATER  
TONIC WATER

LIME JUICE CORDIAL  
LEMONADE  
GRAPE FRUIT

To be found again in "foreign parts"—but very scarce at home



**ANYHOW,  
it's  
DELICIOUS!**

Coffee's not only how you make it — but *what* you make it with. Here is what M. Charles Latour calls "café par excellence".

**"FIFTH AVENUE"  
PURE COFFEE**

FRAGRANT  
TANTALISING  
IRRESISTIBLE

Good! it's MASON'S

Write for leaflet,  
"Coffee for the Connoisseur"

NEWBALL & MASON LIMITED,  
NOTTINGHAM

*Three new Kitchen joys with the*  
**B.N.E.**  
ELECTRIC COOKER




★  **DO YOU WANT TO PAINT**

★  **PERIODS ON**  
C.49 COOKER  
OVEN HEATING TEST.  
8.7.48  
T.C.5 TYPE STAT SET AT 420°  
TIME IN MINUTES

★  **WHEEL CARRYING CHAIRS**  
Catalogue 4.U

**B.N.E. Model C.49**

Write for publication E.C.6  
**BRITISH NATIONAL ELECTRICS LTD.**  
The domestic appliances section of JOHNSON & PHILLIPS LTD.  
Established 1875  
45 NEWARTHILL • MOTHERWELL • SCOTLAND



**DO YOU WANT TO PAINT**

and draw? Why not start now! Learning the Press Art School way is the most joyous of hobbies . . . easy, inexpensive. It has started many pupils on a successful career. Over 4,000 pupils' drawings have appeared in "Punch" alone. Write to-day for your free copy of the illustrated Prospectus.

**THE PRESS ART SCHOOL LTD.**  
(Dept. P3), Tudor Hall, Forest Hill, London, S.E. 23

**Carters**  
INVALID FURNITURE

**SELF-PROPPELLING CHAIRS**  
Catalogue 4.U

**WHEEL CARRYING CHAIRS**  
Catalogue 4.U


**FOLDING CHAIR**  
Cat. 6.U

**HAND TRICYCLE**  
Catalogue 9.U

**ELECTRIC CARRIAGE**  
Catalogue 11.U

**GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1**  
Phone: Langham 1049.

**Stuart  
Crystal**



Beautiful Stuart Crystal is mainly reserved for the Nation's vital export drive, but a limited supply is now making its welcome appearance here at home.

**In Dread of Winter's Cold!**

Please help us to enable our very poor and invalid gentlepeople to buy coal before the cold weather sets in.

The Association is entirely supported by voluntary contributions.

**DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION**

Patroness: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY

Appeal P. IDDESLEIGH HOUSE, CARTON ST., S.W.1



Growing-up is an energetic business. VIROL—the food for healthy growth and development—gives children the extra energy they need. VIROL also helps to guard against infections. Give VIROL after every meal.

She's growing—She needs

# Virol

VIROL IS A CONCENTRATED FOOD prepared from malt extract, specially refined beef fat, egg, sugars (including glucose) and orange juice, with added mineral salts and vitamins.

When the dollar gap widens and real income shrinks . . . when winter looms larger and cigarettes are fewer . . . when bills arrive and hope departs . . . take comfort, for Parker-Knoll chairs are about again.



The  
TOLEDO  
Model

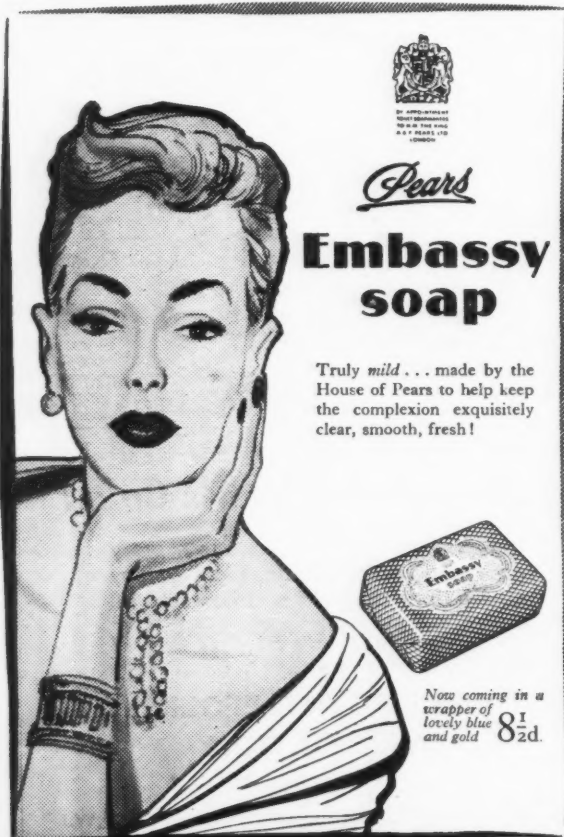
Ask to see it at your local furnisher. To be sure you get the genuine article, see that the salesman writes the name "Parker-Knoll" on your receipt.

For export, "Toledo" can be supplied k/d in carton 3' x 2'1" x 1'1".

## Parker-Knoll

PARKER-KNOLL LIMITED • TEMPLE END • HIGH WYCOMBE • BUCKS

CVA 30



  
 BY APPOINTMENT  
 HOUSEHOLD SUPPLIERS  
 TO HER MAJESTY THE KING  
 AND HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

*Pears*  
**Embassy soap**

Truly mild . . . made by the House of Pears to help keep the complexion exquisitely clear, smooth, fresh!

Now coming in a wrapper of lovely blue and gold 8<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>d.

PV 31/56/65

Don't let *these eyes*...



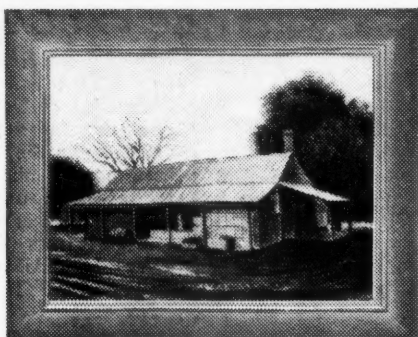
become *these*...



There comes a point, dear Madam, when you have to think of your eyes *first*. After all, they most reveal your looks, your age, your character. Take proper care of them. Give them enough rest. After sewing or such like, use Optrex to refresh them. And, of course, use Optrex for all other minor eye troubles—both for yourself and your family—even the youngest. *Yes, even for Baby.*

The large size is much better value.

**Optrex** *the* EYE LOTION



## The Original Cellar

### SEPPELTSFIELD

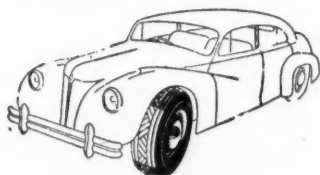
THE building shown above is the original cellar constructed by Mr. J. E. Seppelt after he took up land in South Australia, now known as Seppeltsfield, in 1851 and commenced wine making. Bringing to the new country all the arts and crafts of an ancient industry, in this building Mr. Seppelt had laid the foundation of what was to become the largest family-owned organisation in existence. Extra Dry Solero... Imperial Reserve Para... Chateau Tanunda Brandy... products of the House of Seppelt.

## THE HOUSE OF SEPPELT

ONE FAMILY — ONE TRADITION

88 CANNON STREET LONDON E.C.4

that's  
better



★ It doesn't take more than a mile to discover the difference that Avon Tyres make to comfort, silence and safety — but many thousands of miles later you will realise that an Avon is the longest wearing tyre you have ever fitted.

SAFE, SILENT

## AVON

THE QUALITY TYRE



THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO. LTD., MELKSHAM, WILTS. EST. 1885

## THE THREE BANKS GROUP

Total resources over £300,000,000

A complete, modern banking group with connections all over the world and with a specialised knowledge of conditions affecting trade and finance both at home and abroad from an experience gained during two centuries of banking. It is a banking group, moreover, giving individual attention to the particular requirements of its customers.

### ROYAL BANK OF SCOTLAND

Founded 1727 Edinburgh, London & Branches

### GLYN, MILLS & CO.

Founded 1753 London

### WILLIAMS DEACON'S BANK LTD.

Founded 1771 Manchester, London & Branches



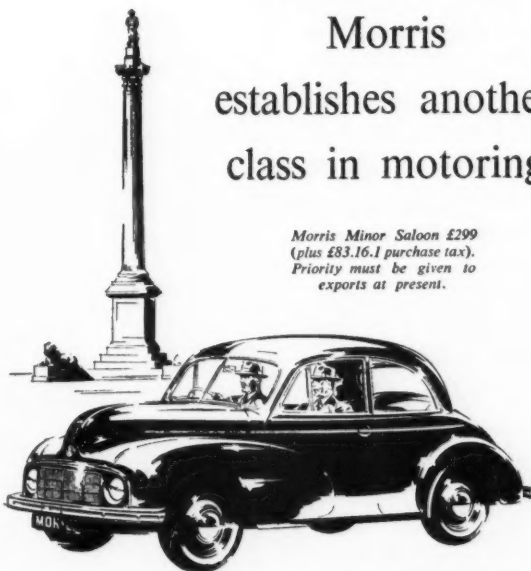
THE

“Quality First”

Morris

establishes another  
class in motoring

Morris Minor Saloon £299  
(plus £83.16.1 purchase tax).  
Priority must be given to  
exports at present.

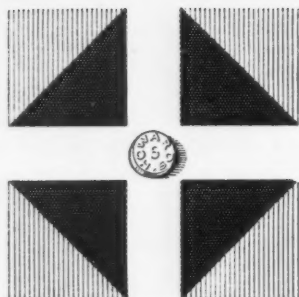


The “Quality First” **MORRIS**



MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD.  
Export Business: Suffolk Exports Ltd., Oxford & 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1.  
C.75E.





## THE LITTLE THAT MATTERS SO MUCH

The test of aspirin is its purity. Just because of its purity Howards Aspirin costs a little more.

## HOWARDS ASPIRIN

It is not the cheapest — it is the best.



Made by **HOWARDS**  
OF ILFORD  
Established 1797



—this is the **SPECIAL** lather, prescribed for super-sensitive skins. Mildly medicated. Soothing. Cooling. A joy to skin which tingles, feels taut or becomes inflamed after ordinary shaving.

**Cuticura**  
SHAVING STICK



277

LIFE-BOAT  
FACTS

LIFE-BOAT  
MEN



All Life-boat men are volunteers except the motor mechanics. All are rewarded every time they answer a call. Total yearly payments to the men are nearly £100,000. The Life-boat Service is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Send your contribution however small.

**ROYAL NATIONAL  
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION**  
42, GROSVENOR GARDENS,  
LONDON, S.W.1.

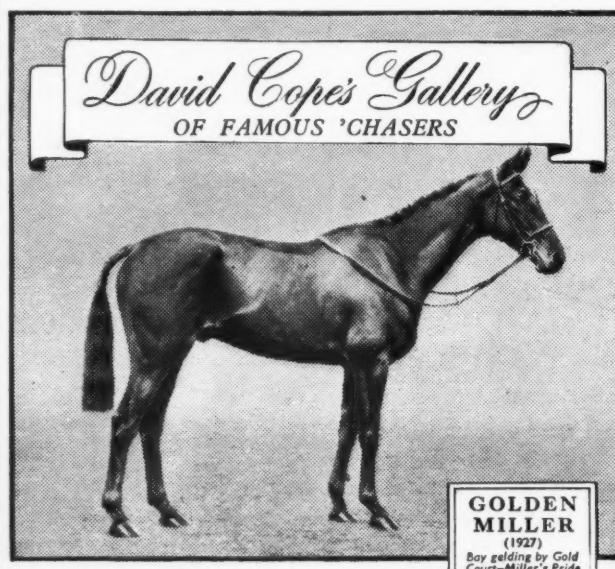
THE DUKE OF MONTROSE, K.T., C.B.,  
C.V.O., V.D., Treasurer.  
COL. J. D. BURNETT BROWN, M.C.,  
T.D., M.A., Secretary.



## HONOURABLE WOUND

We went through the war together, but it was rapping for order at the Village Hall last night that proved the last straw! Never mind, a briar splice will soon put things right; we're good for many ounces of even, slow-burning Three Nuns yet . . . and that reminds me, might I have my pouch back? I've a second string ready in my pocket . . .

## Three Nuns



**GOLDEN  
MILLER**  
(1927)  
Bay gelding by Gold  
Court-Miller's Pride

**B**RED IN IRELAND by Mr. J. Solomon, and changed hands four times before being bought by Miss Dorothy Paget. Golden Miller was one of the greatest 'chasers of all time. He started in 55 races, won 29 of them, and was placed in thirteen. His record of five Cheltenham Gold Cups in successive years may never be beaten. He won the Grand National in 1934, and next year, at 2 to 1, was the shortest-priced favourite in the history of the race.

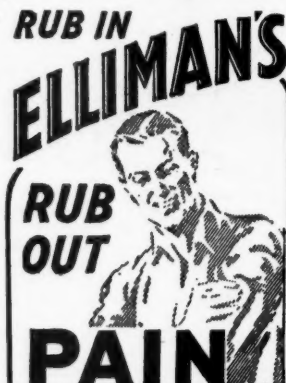
The continuing tradition of the British Turf has its counterpart in the unbroken service which has been offered to sportsmen by David Cope Ltd. for more than half a century. Our free, illustrated brochure describes that service.



**DAVID COPE LTD.** LUDGATE CIRCUS, LONDON, E.C.4  
"The World's Best Known Turf Accountants"

## The World's Best-Known EMBROCATION

Enjoying universal favour for a hundred years. Elliman's continues to grow in popularity, and is undoubtedly the World's best known Embrocation. It has been used and trusted by generations of sufferers from RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, STIFFNESS



**NATURE'S WAY:** Rubbing eases Pain. Rubbing with ELLIMAN'S removes it!

## for COUGHS & COLDS POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

**I'9**  
A TIN

**TO THOSE ENTITLED UNDER**  
Wills, Marriage Settlements,  
Annuities and Legacies  
**ADVANCES ARRANGED**  
from 4 per cent. per annum.  
**GLAZIER & SONS (Estd. 1760)**  
Proprietors: Glazier & Sons Ltd.  
48 MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1  
Telephones: MAYFAIR 4145-3159  
Telegrams: Landehouse, Audley, London

## "... a credit to you on BENBOW'S!"

It's a joy to behold a lively, healthy dog. Benbow's is not a harsh purgative, but a tonic rich in the oils and vitamins a dog needs. Your dog reflects your personality — see that he gets what he needs to keep him well. Dog-lovers have put their faith in Benbow's since 1935. From pet shops, corn stores and chemists.



**BENBOW'S  
DOG MIXTURE**

10, STATION ROAD, SHORTLANDS, KENT

Prevention of Damage by Pests  
Act, 1949  
12 & 13 GEO. 6. CH. 55

# Prevention of Damage by Pests Act, 1949

## ARRANGEMENT OF SECTIONS.

### PART I.

#### RATS AND MICE.

- Section
1. Local authorities for the purposes of Part I.
  2. Duties of local authorities.
  3. Obligation of occupiers of land to notify local authority of rats and mice.
  4. Power of local authority to require action.
  5. Remedies for failure to comply with notice under s. 4.
  6. Additional powers of local authorities in relation to groups of premises.
  7. Recovery of expenses under s. 5 or s. 6.
  8. Provisions as to threshing and dismantling of ricks.
  9. Power of local authority to require information as to interests in land.
  10. Authentication of documents, service of notices, etc.
  11. Exchequer grants to local authorities.
  12. Powers of Minister with respect to functions of local authorities.

### PART II.

#### INFESTATION OF FOOD.

13. Obligation of certain undertakers to give notice of occurrence of infestation.
14. Power of Minister to give directions to certain undertakers for preventing or mitigating infestation.
15. Appeal against directions under s. 14.
16. Powers of Minister in case of failure to comply with directions.
17. Offences against Part II.
18. Power of Minister to delegate to local authorities.

The Prevention of Damage by Pests Act (1949), which comes into force on March 31st, 1950, makes it the responsibility of individual occupiers and management to clear premises infested by rats, mice and insect pests, or report their presence to their Local Authority—but it will still remain the duty of the owner or occupier to clear his premises.

It is in your own interests to ACT NOW by ensuring that your premises have been cleared by the time this Act comes into operation.

The Ratin Service is the largest commercial organisation of its kind in the country. The employment by the Ratin Service of the latest scientific methods means that the natural cunning and suspicions of rats and mice are defeated, thus whole colonies are wiped out.

Write TO-DAY for our new folder explaining your responsibility under the Act and giving details of how the Ratin Service can clear your premises and keep them clear.

# RATIN SERVICE

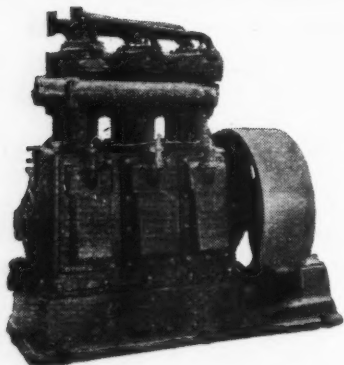
*covers the country*

THE BRITISH RATIN CO. LTD., 125 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1.  
Tel: ABBEY 7621.

We operate from 44 centres.

# "BROOMWADE"

Air Compressors & Pneumatic Tools

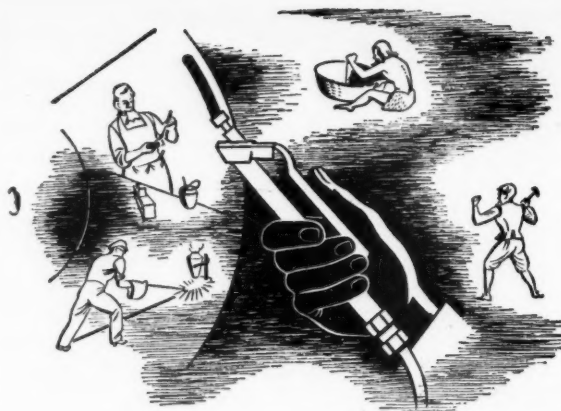


"Broomwade" Air Compressor No. 8581.  
Supplied 1913, Overhauled 1949 and now  
back at work

BROOM & WADE LIMITED • HIGH WYCOMBE • BUCKS

Phone: High Wycombe 1630 (8 lines) Grams: BROOM High Wycombe

B3 88 dm



## Greater Production demands INDUSTRIAL ADHESIVES!

Where methods of joining things together are concerned, what was good enough for our fathers is certainly not good enough for us. New products have come into being and with them, a call for new adhesives and sealing compounds. Bostik Adhesives and Sealing Compounds meet such demands. They are waterproof and re-

silient, do not chip, crack or surrender to climatic conditions. Above all, they stick and seal the joint at the same time. Such outstanding qualities find increasing employment—especially in the building, aircraft and motor industries. A booklet on the Bostik system of Adhesion and Sealing on request.

## Bostik Adhesives and Sealing Compounds for Industry

★ BOSTIK is a registered Trade Mark of the B.B. Chemical Co., Ltd.

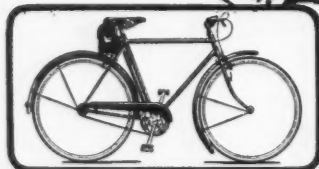
B. B. CHEMICAL CO. LTD. LEICESTER

### PURELY PERSONAL

THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF  
YOUR LIFE—the days when  
you light up King Six Cigars (1/7  
each).

### THE FEWER THE PETROL COUPONS

the greater the need  
for the lightest of  
all standard bicycles



This bicycle has been created to satisfy  
the demands of riders who appreciate  
the best of everything. It has many  
new and advantageous features.

#### PRICE

(Lady's or Gent's) £15 . 15 . 0  
Plus Purchase Tax £3 . 13 . 6

**Royal Enfield**  
LIGHTWEIGHT TOURER

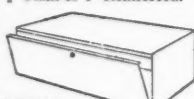
THE ENFIELD CYCLE CO. LTD. REDDITCH



## SAFE CABINET

### INTERIOR FITTINGS

**SHELVES**  
Safe-Cabinet shelves,  
1" Plain or 1" Reinforced.

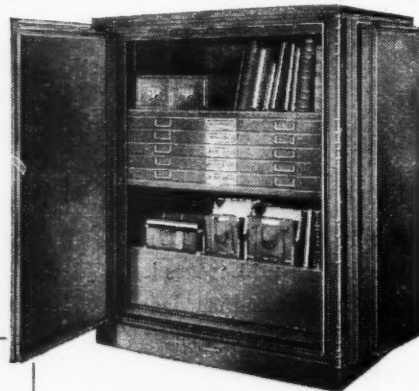


**LOCKERS**  
Drop-front lockers, fitted  
with lock, can be inserted  
in the Safe-Cabinet.



### PLAN-DRAWER UNITS

Plan-Drawer sections, one,  
two, three or more units as  
required.



### Certified Protection

Vital irreplaceable records and documents,  
the real value of which cannot be insured, can  
be given certified protection against fire and  
burglary in the Remington Rand Safe-Cabinet.

Fire causes enormous losses every year.  
Pre-cast, monolithic construction, reinforced  
insulation, careful control at every stage of  
manufacture, and furnace testing of the finished  
product enable the Safe-Cabinet to be certified  
for a degree of fire-protection equal to the  
most severe fire hazards.

Safe-Cabinet doors swing easily on ball-bearing  
hinges, fold back flush with the safe when open,  
close with a double set of interlocking tongues.  
Bolts engage automatically when the door is closed.  
A drill-proof steel plate protects the locking  
mechanism against burglary. Ball-bearing castors  
make the safe easy to move.

★ Write for new Illustrated Folder

**Remington Rand**

REMINGTON RAND LIMITED (Dept. 59)  
1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Tel. CHAncery, 8883

CLEARS  
STUFFY  
NOSE  
Quick as a  
breath



Carry  
Instant  
Breathing  
Comfort

### IN YOUR POCKET!

**SO HANDY**—Carry it with you in pocket or  
handbag—neat, featherweight Vick Inhaler.  
It's tiny, but loaded full of soothing, nose-  
clearing medication.

**EASY TO USE**—Wherever you happen to  
be, as often as you need it, just unscrew the  
cap and put the tip of Vick Inhaler right into  
each stuffy nostril in turn. B-r-e-a-t-h-e in  
and—quick as a breath!—your nose feels  
delightfully cool and clear. So pleasant.  
And convenient! Try it!

USE AS OFTEN AS NEEDED





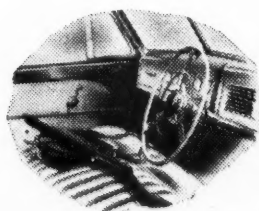
The wise 'shot' remembers  
to break his gun . . .



*the wise motorist chooses*

# Essolube

THE OIL FOR  
WISER DRIVERS



OFFICIALLY RECOMMENDED BY LEADING CAR MANUFACTURERS

there's business waiting

... It won't wait long .....  in USA

**fly now by AOA**

Vast new markets are now open in the USA - for which businessmen everywhere are rushing. It's more than ever important for you to go without delay ★ ★ ★ Only AOA offers you the facilities of its 77 offices throughout the USA, Canada and Mexico to assist you on your sales trip.

**You save over £58 if you go now**, for there are special 60-day round trip fares for journeys completed before April 30 ★ ★ ★ Frequent luxury Stratocruiser services ★ ★ ★ AOA air freight will get your samples there ahead of all competitors. See your local travel agent, freight forwarder or **American Overseas Airlines**, 35 St. James's Street London SW1 Telephone GROSVENOR 3955.

AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES • AMERICAN AIRLINES

**AOA** specialists in air travel to the USA

P/4010



*Guarantee*

- AN AUTHORISED SERVICE AGENT
- FULLY TRAINED AND EQUIPPED STAFF
- A FIRST CLASS JOB OF WORK
- BRAKES & DAMPERS RESTORED TO FACTORY STANDARDS OF EFFICIENCY

GO TO YOUR  
AUTHORISED  
**GIRLING**  
THE BEST SPARES IN THE WORLD  
AGENT  
THERE'S ONE IN  
Your DISTRICT

**Bolts  
and Nuts  
for all  
industries**

The G.K.N. Bolt and Nut Division supplies a complete range of Bolts and Nuts — Black, Bright, High Tensile, Stainless Steel and Brass — Fish Bolts and Nuts, Rail Spikes, Rail Clips, Coach Screws and Washers.

**GUEST, KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS, LIMITED**

ADVISORY BUREAU: Heath Street, Birmingham, 18.  
BOLT AND NUT DIVISION: Atlas Works, Darlaston, South Staffs.  
LONDON OFFICE: 66, Cannon Street, London, E.C.4.

**GKN**

*Player's  
"No Name"  
Tobacco.*

Blended originally for an exclusive circle of pipe smokers, this special blend now enjoys an increasing demand created by the recommendations of its devotees.



In the export factories, where speed in handling, as surely as speed in production, can write the next few chapters of British history; at the Docks, where the speed of unloading and loading directly affects our day-to-day lives, manpower has an ally. The electric truck, economical, simple, speedy, rugged and easily maintained, is saving time and man-hours where saving counts most. Batteries power these trucks: and the hard worked 'electric's' reputation for freedom from breakdown is a measure of what its battery can take. The Chloride Electrical Storage Company has played an outstanding part in the swing to 'electrics'. Three out of four British electric truck manufacturers fit Exide-Ironclad. Behind each Exide-Ironclad, Chloride and Exide Battery lie the experience and progressive improvements of over 50 years of battery manufacture.

**THE CHLORIDE ELECTRICAL  
STORAGE COMPANY LIMITED**  
Exide Works, Clifton Junction  
Near Manchester



**N P B**  
*for service*

**NATIONAL  
PROVINCIAL  
BANK**  
*Limited*

Branches throughout  
England and Wales  
Agents and correspondents  
throughout the world

Head Office:  
15 BISHOPSGATE  
LONDON, E.C.2

Parsons rule with a rod of CHAIN  
but it isn't... IRON!



Parsons 'HIGH TEST' chain is  
hardened and tempered STEEL  
Chain.

We rule that our 'HIGH TEST'  
chain when tested to destruction  
must, before breaking, stretch to  
a point at which the links bind  
on each other: in effect become  
a rod.

Parsons 'HIGH TEST' chain is  
50% stronger and 20% lighter  
than the same nominal size of  
wrought-iron chain.

**Parsons Chains**

Parsons Chain Co. Ltd., Stourport-on-Severn, Worcs.

Established 1825



Assets £63,000,000

**Professional Men**  
normally require to provide  
their own pension

Write, giving date of birth and pension age  
for particulars of a guaranteed pension, to  
suit your own requirements

The  
**Standard Life**  
**Assurance Company**

HEAD OFFICE: 3 GEORGE STREET EDINBURGH

LONDON OFFICES: 3 Abchurch Yard Cannon Street E.C.4  
15a Pall Mall S.W.1

YOU CAN AFFORD TEMPERATURE CONTROL



WITH A "V.T." SELF-OPERATING REGULATOR

The easiest type of temperature control to  
install. Generally speaking the lowest  
priced. Self-contained, self-operating,  
needs no outside source of power, no  
electricity or compressed air. Prevents  
spoilage, saves labour, improves standard  
of production, cuts out waste. Will  
maintain the temperature you need,  
automatically, without supervision.

Write for full details and prices. The Drayton  
Catalogue describes automatic control equipment  
for every type of temperature and pressure  
control.



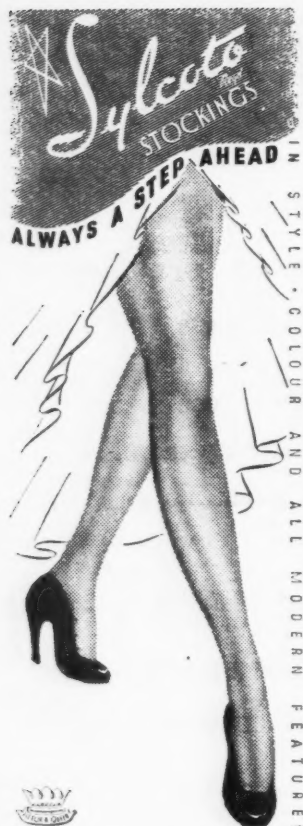
Available in three types for  
**NOT WATER SUPPLY TANKS**  
• BOTTLE WASHING PLANT •  
CALORIFIERS • OIL SUPPLY  
and STORAGE • WOOL  
SCOURING MACHINES • AIR  
HEATING PLANT-RETORTS  
• CABINET COOKERS •

Ask **DRAYTON** about Automatic Control

Drayton Regulator & Instrument Co. Ltd., West Drayton, Middx.

(VT5)





SYLCOTE (GELPER) LTD.-GELPER-DERBYSHIRE

For energy  
and stamina

**TUROG**  
BREAD

**SENIOR'S**  
FISH & MEAT PASTES

What is named  
on the Label  
Is found in  
the Jar!



for chest colds.  
RUB IN  
**VAPEX  
VOLATOL**

Vapex in ointment form for rubbing on the chest. Handy tube pack. Non-greasy, does not stain the skin or clothing. Vapex Volatol warms, soothes, and penetrates.

THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD. LANCASHIRE

From your Chemist 1/9



**Q:** 'MY LITTLE GIRL NEEDS A RESTORATIVE AFTER ILLNESS. WHAT DO YOU RECOMMEND?'

Tone up her system with a course of Angier's Emulsion—it will aid her recovery and safeguard her health. For the treatment of winter ailments, especially coughs, sore throats and whooping cough, Angier's which is easily digested by even the youngest child, can be relied upon.

**ANGIER'S** EMULSION  
is the answer

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD., 86, CLERKENWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.1.

## 7 HEARING AIDS . . .

Available NOW for all deaf people

... give over fifty variations of tone and power, including Microphonic and Magnetic Hearing.

Different types of deafness call for different aids... You are earnestly advised to use a Hearing Aid of proved performance, designed and adjusted by experts for your particular case. After 26 years of constant research and genuine service to the DEAF, OssiCaide have a range of SEVEN SUPERB AIDS which, with expert fitting and adjustment for the individual, are capable of over fifty different variations in tone and power. Each aid is a technical triumph... one of them will give you nearest-normal hearing.

22/24, Kensington Church Street, London, W.8. Western 8730.

Send to-day for details of an aid to give you clear full-tone hearing... one which can be concealed... one which you can have now. Also FREE copy of "The Theory and Practice of Magnetic Hearing."

**GREAT NEWS for DEAF READERS!** Model R.P.14—Just perfected—is one of the smallest efficient hearing aids ever offered to the Deaf. Study these 7 all-important features:

- 1 NO BATTERY PACK OR BATTERY CORDS
- 2 3 Valve Amplifier
- 3 CRYSTAL MICROPHONE
- 4 TONE CONTROL
- 5 Air & Bone Conduction Earpiece
- 6 Size only 3 1/4" x 1 1/4" x 1 1/4"
- 7 Weight less than 4 1/2 ozs.

**ALL OSSICAIDE HEARING AIDS ARE FULLY GUARANTEED.**

19/20, Mansfield Chambers, 17, St. Ann's Square, Manchester 2. ELackfriars 0771.

**OssiCaide**

(Victor A. Foot, F.I.P.L., A.M.Inst.B.E.) Dept. 53

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....



COCAINE, morphine, digitalis, strychnine and many other potent poisons... all death-dealing drugs, yet, in proper dosage, invaluable for the relief of suffering, are locked away in the pharmacy's Poison Cupboard. Only a registered chemist is entitled to keep the key. His is the responsibility of safeguarding society in this and other ways from the abuse of these drugs—a responsibility that his record of public service well justifies. All of us rely on the chemist, and his advice is always sound.

Ask his opinion of

**Euthymol**  
TOOTH PASTE  
A PARKE DAVIS PRODUCT

Stuffy with a  
**COLD?**



**THIS DOES**

**THE TRICK!** A wise, safe

to take two PHENSIC tablets. Treatment is to take two PHENSIC tablets. Repeat the dose in four hours. PHENSIC is quick and safe in action. You can depend on PHENSIC to clear your head, reduce your temperature, and to banish aches and pains. PHENSIC also acts as a "pick-me-up", mentally and physically.

Prices: 4d., 1/6 & 3/8.

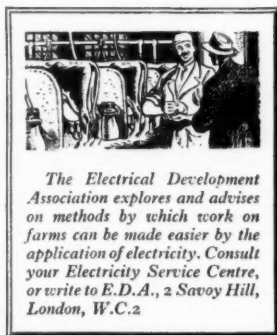
**Phensic**  
for quick safe relief  
FROM HEADACHES, RHEUMATIC PAIN,  
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, COLDS & CHILLS



## In two darning needles lay...words

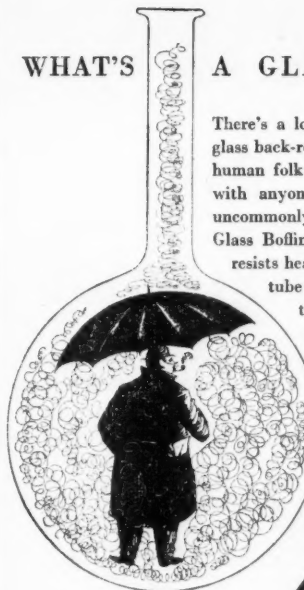
TELEGRAPHIC communication became possible in 1837, but at first messages could be sent only by Morse code. A Welshman, David Edward Hughes, a Professor of Music living in the United States, sought to invent an electrical apparatus that would transmit typed messages. One evening in 1855 he borrowed two darning needles from an old lady and began to use them as vibrators . . . Thus was born the telegraphic type-printer — the forerunner of the modern teleprinter.

*The inventive spirit of Hughes is still alive in Britain today.* The electricity industry, for instance, is continually developing new appliances which increase the output of our factories and farms and make life easier in the home. On the electricity supply side, too, marvels are being done to overcome the post-war power shortage. Already electricity may be used freely at all times except at peak hours. Soon the nation will be able to enjoy even greater benefits from the new electrical age.



*The Electrical Development Association explores and advises on methods by which work on farms can be made easier by the application of electricity. Consult your Electricity Service Centre, or write to E.D.A., 2 Savoy Hill, London, W.C.2*

## WHAT'S A GLASS BOFFIN ?



There's a lot of them at Chance Brothers . . . glass back-room boys . . . glass scientists. Quite human folk really—would take a glass of bitter with anyone. The only difference is, they're uncommonly clever with glass. What have the Glass Boffins invented? Well . . . Glass that resists heat (called 'Hysil'). The cathode ray tube that makes television possible. Glass thinner than paper for microscope work. Flawless glass for camera lenses. Glass to protect the eyes from glare and infra red. Glass for beautiful church windows, for factory roof lights, for houses everywhere. Glass bowls, jugs, dishes, that everyone can buy. Glass for everything. Glass for you.

*Chance*  
GLASS

FOR SCIENCE, INDUSTRY AND THE HOME

CHANCE BROTHERS LIMITED Glassmakers since 1824

Head Office: Smethwick 40, Birmingham. London Office: 28 St. James's Square, S.W.1  
Branch Works: Glasgow, St. Helens and Malvern.



**JAMAVANA**

*Jamaica's Finest Cigar*

THE HOTEL, RESTAURANT AND  CATERING EXHIBITION, OLYMPIAWHILE IN LONDON  
visit the

# WILLIAM PAGE

★ PERMANENT ★

## CATERING EXHIBITION

Within sight of Eros

Everything for the catering industry under one roof. Large stocks. Immediate delivery.

**WILLIAM PAGE & COMPANY LIMITED**

87/91 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE · LONDON, W.1 · GERRARD 8898

### For "Full-Time" Enjoyment...

A good game, with good company, and  
Capstan to add to the enjoyment.  
This really good cigarette is  
made to make friends.



# Have a CAPSTAN

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

CC732EB

## Here's how YOU may secure IMMUNITY FROM COLDS!

Many people who previously suffered from one wretched cold after another, especially during the winter months, have found that by taking 2 Serocalcin tablets daily for thirty days they could weather the winter cheerfully, without fear of a cold.

If you already have a cold, take 3 Serocalcin tablets at once, and three times daily. In many cases, even a bad attack clears up completely in a few days.

Serocalcin is absolutely safe—for children too.

- The Immunising Pack of 60 tablets costs only 9/3.
- The Treatment Pack of 20 tablets costs 3/9.



There's nothing like

# SEROCALCIN

for the prevention and treatment of colds

**FREE!** Write to Harwoods Laboratories Ltd., Watford, for a helpful booklet "Immunity from Colds".

FIRTH-VICKERS

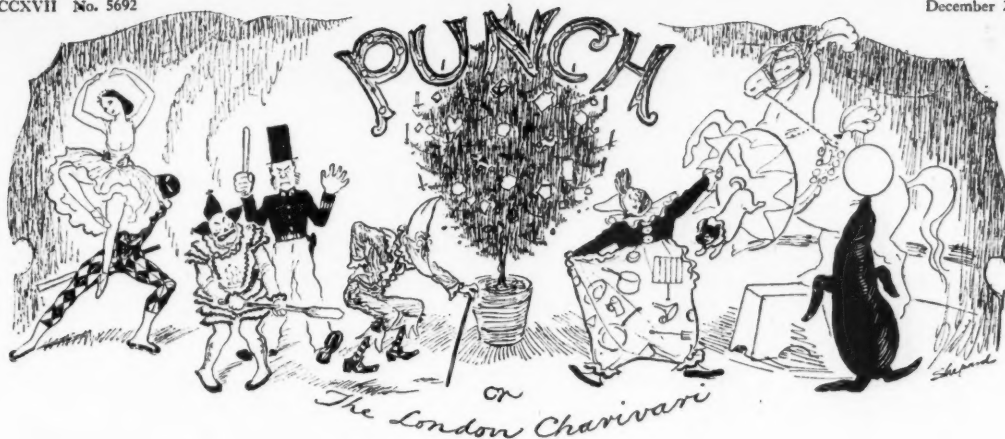
# Staybrite Steel

IS USED FOR WATCH CASES BY  
*High Class Watchmakers*

Photograph by courtesy of Dennison Watch Case Co., Ltd., Birmingham 19

FIRTH-VICKERS STAINLESS STEELS LTD. SHEFFIELD





## CHARIVARIA

A HOUSEHOLDER was recently prosecuted on a charge of robbing his gas-meter. His offer to make up the loss with some of his Government stock was coldly ignored.

"American agents had been allowed free passes in and out of camp and had done good work, supplementing provisions, school equipment and medical and nursing needs. A record number of babies per head was born in the camp during the last three months."

Interesting.

A Parisian has been studying British tailoring with a view to making his city the men's as well as women's fashion centre. It will be fun to slip over to Paris "just for my second fitting, dear."

"Miss Wendell Graham, of the staff of Halfway Tree Government School, left the island over the week-end for the U.S. to pursue a course in juvenile delinquency."—*"Jamaica Times"*

She's got to get past Ellis Island first.

Norwich has had to buy its Lord Mayor a new car large enough for him to sit in with his top hat on. Some ratepayers feel that a smaller vehicle with a sunshine roof would have done just as well.

If British Railways are to be run economically, the Executive say, they must carry more passengers. This is what distinguishes them from the other nationalized industries.

"For the first three-quarters of 1949 exports of the bicycle and motor cycle industry were £3,700,000 up on 1948."

## Time for a wage-freeze?

Recruitment for Civil Defence has been disappointing. The official theory is that a large section of the available man-power is holding out for the Home Guard and free boots.

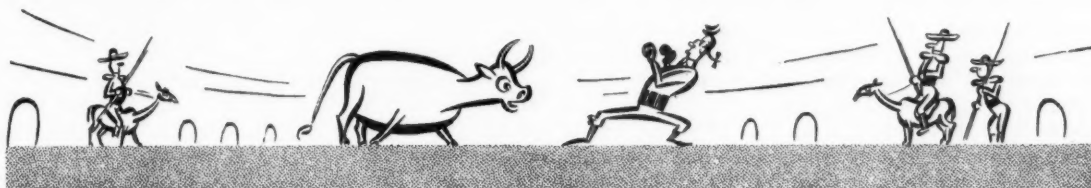
"LOST AND FOUND  
Double row pale pink  
bears . . ."

*Advt. in West-country paper*

Someone is sure to see them on New Year's Eve.

Black showed momentarily as white, and vice versa, when an item was being televised recently. Political parties are now showing an increased interest in the possibilities of this service for electioneering.

A Barcelona bull-fighter was once a boxer. We hope he never has the misfortune to lose on points.



## VERSES WRITTEN AFTER READING A TREATISE ON HORSE MANAGEMENT

**TOM PEARSE**, Tom Pearse, lend me your grey mare,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
Though I know she's the oldest that ever there  
were,  
With Goose Rump, High Croup, Slack Loins, Ewe Neck,  
Thick Gullet, Capped Elbow,  
And Overshot Fetlock and all, and Overshot Fetlock  
and all.

I'd lend you my mare with a very good will,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
Except she's bin suddenly took very ill  
With Bone Spavin, Bog Spavin, Mallenders, Sallenders,  
Warbles, and Sitfasts,  
And Fistulous Withers and all, and Fistulous Withers  
and all.

You'd be only too welcome to her, as I say,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
But, alas, the old girl's in a very bad way  
With Cracked Heels, Greasy Legs, Seedy Toe, Poll Evil,  
Laminitis, Sprung Hock,  
And Stringhalt and Quittor and all, and Stringhalt and  
Quittor and all.

Well if you won't lend her I'll buy her instead,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
An' I'll give you two pound though she's very near  
dead  
With Ring Bone, and Side Bone, and Big Leg, and  
Colic, and Shivering, and Splints,  
And Canker and Choking and all, and Canker and  
Choking and all.

I'll take her back home now and put her to bed,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
And see that she's massaged, anointed, and fed  
With Bluestone, Soap Liniment, Boric Acid, Carron  
Oil, Epsom salts, Chloral Hydrate,  
And Mustard and Ginger and all, and Mustard and  
Ginger and all.

When she's better I'll show her at Widdicombe Fair,  
All along, out along, down along lea,  
Dressed up in her best with the greatest of care,  
With a Noseband, two Sweat Flaps, Cheek Slip Head,  
Rein Hook Studs, Ninth Lancer, Round Lip Strap,  
And Billets and Blinkers and all, and Billets and  
Blinkers and all.

## THE MUCH ENDURING SCREEN

II

... But, thinking it over, I saw that neither god  
nor goddess, neither man nor woman would play the  
chief part in Homer's *Odyssey*, nor would the film carry  
that name, nor even the name of **SURGE AND THUNDER**,  
An Epic of the Sea, Adapted from the Novel by the late  
Homer of Chios; but be named rather

### THE HOUND OF ITHACA A Stupendous Story of Canine Love.

Because the producers would see at a glance that  
one character stood out above and beyond all others  
in the poem, the only character that was instantly wise  
to the king of Ithaca when he returned to his homeland,  
and this character was the old dog Argus; and this dog,  
being made younger, and clothed in immortal beauty  
and divested of fleas, and moving constantly through  
the film both far away and in close-ups, would be box-  
office from beginning to end.

So that when Telemachus, sitting on a low wall  
outside the Odyssean residence, would be thinking about  
his father, this dog would be lying at his feet and gazing  
sadly up into his eyes; and when Penelope came out of  
the high-roofed hall to complain of the conduct of the  
suitors and said to him, "Junior, what is ailing you?"  
and he replied, "Mother, I have made up my mind.  
I will go forth on to the wine-dark sea and search for  
Pop," and Penelope answered, "Equip a black ship  
then, my dear boy, and heaven go with you. I must

return to my web," then this dog would bark loudly  
for sheer joy, and frisk about the feet of Telemachus all  
the time he was fixing the black ship and dragging it  
down to the innumerable laughter of the sea.

And Telemachus would not go to visit Nestor or  
Menelaus in his black ship but would go rather to  
Phaacia, and take part in the Phaeacian games, and  
win them all including the great ball-game, and fall in  
love with Nausicaa, and she with him, and when they  
walked together through the garden of Alcinous, where  
the fruit ripens all the year round and the pears and  
pomegranates kept falling on the ground with loud  
thuds, this dog Argus would yawn because he was  
feeling lonely and dissatisfied, and no dog likes being a  
gooseberry even in the garden of Alcinous.

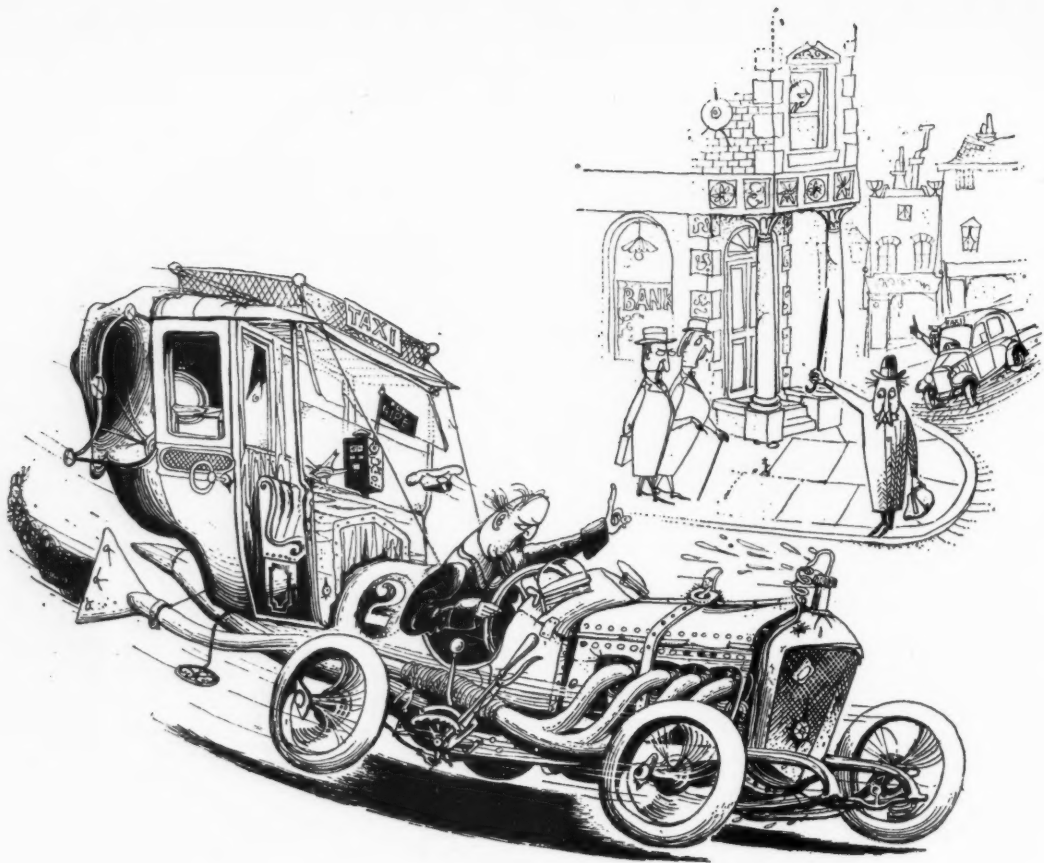
And presently there would come news of a ship-  
wreck, and the whole party would go streaming out  
from the golden palace down to the beach where a  
lonely mariner has been washed up by the waves. But  
Telemachus and Nausicaa would get there first, driving  
very fast in a covered mule wagon, and the dog Argus  
running behind in the dust.

And when they helped to pull the lonely mariner  
ashore the dog Argus would be first into the water,  
and he and none other would recognize his old master,  
Odysseus, so that everyone at the court would say  
"How that dog does take to you, stranger!" But  
Odysseus would not reveal himself to them, nor even



FURTHER OUTLOOK . . .



M.T.  
E.T.

*"Thought the old brigade wouldn't let those new nippy taxis get away with it. . ."*

to his son, but when he was asked to say where he came from and who he was he would answer, "Let the blind bard strike a few notes on his zither and I will tell you all."

And then he would say, "My home town, too, is on rocky Ithaca, and I was one of the crowd that sailed with the wily Odysseus to sack the topless towers of Ilium." And he would tell them how this was done, with many close-ups of the wrathful face of Achilles and the inside of the Wooden Horse.

And the zither would sound again, and he would tell them of the sirens and Circe, and Seylla and Charybdis; and the dog Argus, his mouth open and his eyes full of intelligence, would wag his tail and follow every word that was said.

"And what has happened to the great Odysseus himself?" they would ask. "Is he alive or has he perished in the fishy sea?" And Argus would bark loudly, as if to say "No, sir! You bet your sweet life he is living still." And then Telemachus and

the stranger would sail away to Ithaca, and by some accident Argus would be left behind.

But not for long. For after the bending of the bow and the great scene in the hall, when Odysseus has cast off his rags and shown them who he is—and because of the great number of arrows which he would shoot, thick and fast and quivering as they struck the wall, the suitors would lie down on the floor and beg for mercy, till all the arrows were spent, and then he and Telemachus would be hard pressed indeed—why then there would be a barking outside the bronze door, and it would burst open, and Nausicaa and Argus would dash in, followed by a posse of Phaeacian marines.

And then, last of all, the most villainous of the suitors would be found threatening violence to Penelope in the room where she wove and unwove, whenever the film remembered it, one or two stitches of her web; but Odysseus would knock him down with a great godlike thump to the jaw, and he would get up again and knock Odysseus down, and they would go on

knocking each other down thump after godlike thump, so that each of them unless they had been endowed with immortal strength by Zeus, the father of the gods, would have been dead a dozen times over. And then the dog Argus would dash in and help his own dear master, but the suitor would give him a terrible kick so that he seemed to be dead, and Odysseus, gathering all his powers, would hurl the suitor out of the window, and Penelope would say, "Gee, it's you," and fall into her husband's arms.

And now, when all the suitors are routed, and Telemachus is holding Nausicaa's hand, and the wise dame Penelope is leaning on the shoulder of the great salesman who has seen so many cities and travelled so far, and they would be going to drink a loving cup together, but rather sadly because Argus is not with them—now, in the mellow light of the afternoon, he would limp into the hall, with one paw wrapped in a wimple and one eye bandaged with a snood, and so would end the story of the homecoming of the king of Ithaca, barren island, not good for horses but nourisher of many goats.

EVOE

"To obtain 100 per cent. results, he said, managements had to be 10 per cent. frank."

*Report of speech in "The Scotsman"*

This appears to be moral profiteering.

## A SISTER FOR PETER

IT is generally accepted that the birth of a baby is a fair excuse for a bottomless inanity in parents. That they should announce the birth of their child is natural and proper, but it is a mere archness with themselves which induces them to declare "A sister for Peter" or "A brother for Ann." It cannot be that they are writing for the information of their friends, for their friends will not need to be informed of what they know already. It cannot be that they are writing for the instruction of the world at large. It can only be that they are writing for their own unbridled delight. It would be interesting to discover at what point it becomes too embarrassing to continue this form of announcement. I have seen "a brother for Richard, Ann and Hugh." Three years on, will they shrink, or not, from announcing the birth of "a sister (Judith) for Richard, Ann, Hugh, John, Robert and Angela"? Certainly there will be something to be said for it. By that time even the friends may well be grateful for a re-statement of the exact tally. But the happiest possibilities of this form of advertisement have not yet been realized. Here surely is a perfect opportunity to court the rich relation, or to make public pronouncement of influential connections. "A nephew for Uncle James." "A second cousin for Sir Gregory Mulwhistle." Or even, in the event of an unusual relationship, "An aunt for Mrs. Bruce Slotworthy."



*"And remember how the sherbet upset you last time."*

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS WITH THE L.F.B.

AT the headquarters of London Fire Brigade on the Albert Embankment I thought I would find such stirring stories of flaming Christmas trees, fiery festoons, incandescent Santas and hot beards as would jolt the most jaded digestions and hoist the most pendulous hangovers that ever looked upon the port-style when it was Ruby. But I reckoned without traditional British phlegm. Trifles such as twenty-eight chimney fires, a couple of men extracted from bricked-up flues, nineteen reasonable blazes, thirty false ("malicious" is the official word) alarms, one Female Person rescued from the river, one boy sawn out of a milk-churn, and a total of ninety calls are all in the day's—one day's—work to the L.F.B. "But you should have seen our Christmas party for those orphans," they said; "something *real*, that was." "And *did* Father Christmas come sliding down the pole, alighting on the rubber mat as in the picture?" I asked, clutching at my straw. But he didn't. He was off-duty, and nowadays the Brigade can cope with as many fires as you are likely to light while keeping strictly to a two-watch system. When you know that a motor fire-engine is manned and out in the street within fifteen seconds of the alarm-bell's sounding and that it will be sousing your pictures in an average of five minutes from the "off," you realize that your fires haven't a dog's chance; that is, if you have been equally prompt in calling round at the fire station (a "running call"), in breaking the glass (with the *elbow*, please) of a Street Fire Alarm, or in dialling 999, YYY, WWW or XXX, whichever you prefer.

At this stage I demanded to be shown the Records, and was soon deep in a massive tome which, to the trained mind, revealed the Real Facts about Christmas and Boxing Day Emergencies in practically no time, say an hour and a half. To meet the convenience of readers, the Official Secrets Act and the Laws of Libel I offer them below in a slightly romanticized form.



It was Christmas Day in Wandsworth, also in Flat 2a Fortunate Mansions, where Miss Fey Feckless was having a *lovely* deep bath in preparation for Christmas dinner at the Fatheads in Hornsey; and *Someone* would be there! *Someone* was George Fathead, the son, an electrical student, who lived in Lots Road, Chelsea, so as to be near electricity. Are we all set?

Fey got out of the bath, spilling oceans of water over the floor and drenching the thick sponge-rubber

bath-mat George had given her for a Christmas present. At any cost this must be dried, she thought. So just before going out she turned the gas on to "slow," bundled the bath-mat into the oven, pulled the flat door shut behind her and went. "What a lovely dry mat I'll have!" she thought.

George Fathead, meanwhile, sitting in front of his meagre electric fire in Lots Road studying the *Manual of Electrical Engineering*, Part VI, suddenly realized it was getting late, threw the volume down and shot forth, locking his flat behind him.

Meeting at the door of the Fatheads' house in Hornsey, the lovers noticed a smell of burning, and, rushing inside, found that Cause of Fire was Heat from Domestic Yule Log Causing Timbers Around Faulty Hearth to Ignite. Mrs. F. had been foolish enough, reader, to install a modern low grate in an old fireplace without adequate insulation of the joists, etc. George picked up the phone, dialled 999, a red light glowed in the Control Room at Headquarters, the card-index showed which station was involved, its alarm bell was rung, the informa-



tion was relayed to its Watch-room, and within fifteen seconds a Pump-Escape Appliance was on its way, the four firemen putting finishing touches to their appearance *inside* the limousine-type body so as to have nice warm hands to unscrew knobs and things when they got to the Address. The Pump-Escape Appliance was immediately followed by a Pump Appliance, but as Hornsey's Turntable Appliance was having an overhaul the next-door fire-station had *their* alarm-bell



rung and were told to send a Turntable Appliance and hurry up about it.

Within five minutes the Fat-heads' windows were broken to allow smoke to escape, and in less time than it takes to write, the Timbers Around Hearth were quenched, as was the Yule Log, using only First-aid Equipment (very like a garden-hose on a drum). Nothing now remained to be done except break the Faulty Hearth to bits, and the firemen withdrew, leaving the party to sit down to their Christmas dinner.

No sooner, however, etc., than the phone went (a) to inform Fey, bless her, that the occupants of the flat above hers in Fortunate Mansions, noticing a smell of burning rubber and dense clouds of smoke, had summoned the Brigade, whose arrival in four minutes thirty-six seconds had prevented any other Damage to Premises than broken windows and Destruction of Contents of Oven (Bath Mat), and (b) to tell George that his *Manual of Electrical Engineering* had come into contact with the fire he had left on, but that a passer-by, by means of a Running Call, had brought the

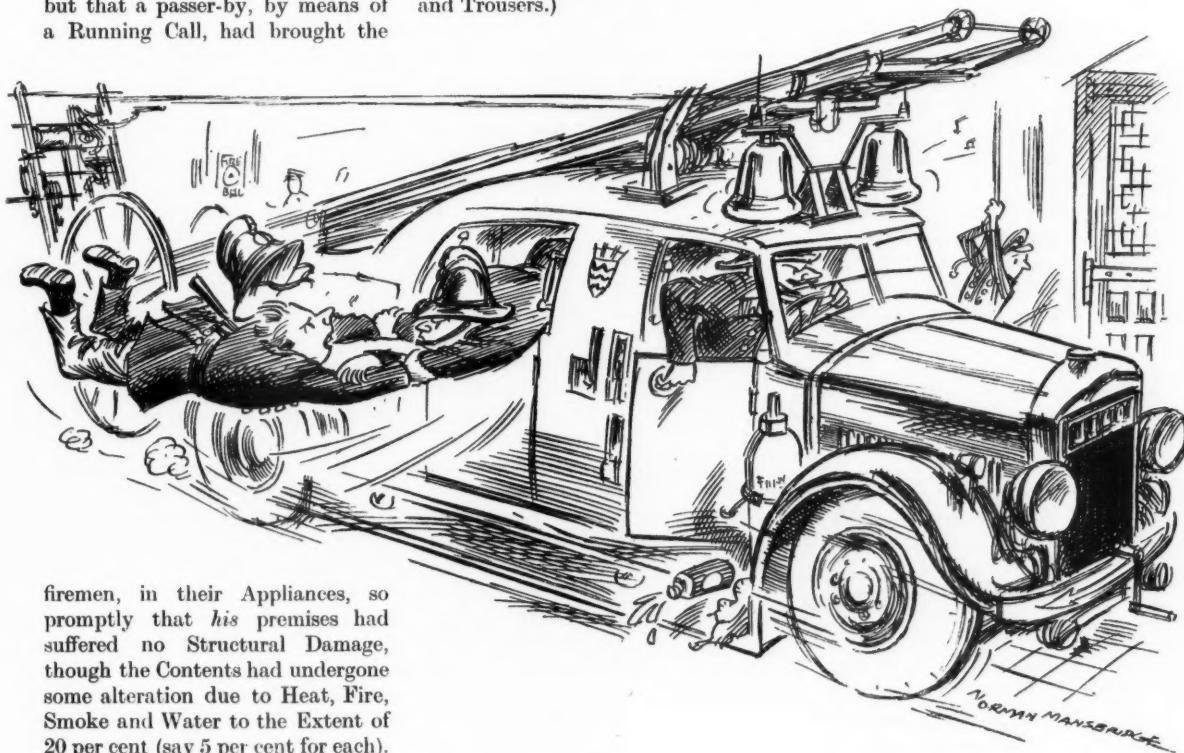
Thoroughly stimulated, the little family settled down to a hilarious afternoon. At about five-thirty Mrs. Fathead retired to the kitchen to heat up the remains of the turkey, and it was not until eight o'clock that the electric oven, which she had left full on, Ignited Fat Left On Sides of Oven (*shame*, Mrs. F.!) leading to Destruction of Edible Contents and the kitchen windows this time. After that the old folk soon retired to bed, wholly tired out with laughing, and the moment to which Fey had been looking forward all day had come.

Pushing the moquette settee up to where the Faulty Hearth once was, George seated himself by Fey's side and, drawing her close to him, lit a cigarette. "Darling!" he murmured—and the lovers' lips met in a long kiss. It is an attested fact that you cannot simultaneously have your lips locked in a long kiss and smoke a cigarette; and to George's credit it must be recorded that even at to-day's price he sacrificed his smoke to Romance, Carelessly Disposed-of Cigarette Igniting Upholstery. (Arrival at Premises in 4 mins. 10 secs. and Damage to Windows and Trousers.)

To end the long day (2.10 A.M. to be precise) Fey returned home to Fortunate Mansions, all starry-eyed but entirely without her front-door key. What did she do? Ah, you've guessed! Three minutes dead this time—and two pounds to pay. *What a day!*

You will see from this pretty story that years of indoctrination have stopped London, as an Administrative County, from being careless about candles or foolish with festoons. But the real credit for the absence of widespread conflagration at Christmas time, when roaring fires gather parties around half the hearths and leave the other half exceptionally tenantless (with the twin consequent dangers), belongs partly to the motor, which has brought every outbreak within five minutes' reach, partly to the telephone and the 999 system, and finally and enduringly to the high and tried morale of all ranks of a wholly efficient service.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



firemen, in their Appliances, so promptly that *his* premises had suffered no Structural Damage, though the Contents had undergone some alteration due to Heat, Fire, Smoke and Water to the Extent of 20 per cent (say 5 per cent for each).

## AT THE PICTURES

*Hounded—Innocence is Bliss*

THE exigencies of an early pres-day deprive us of the chance to deal with any of the big competitors for the Christmas trade; to-day we clear up two earlier ones which, though not at all important, are variously interesting.

The first, known in the U.S. as *Johnny Allegro*, has for English showing been inexplicably re-titled *Hounded* (Director: TED TETZLAFF). If it is seriously contended that the change is likely to make more people here go to see the film, all I can say is it's hard to see why. The story is not even about anyone who is being hounded—not more, that is, than hundreds of other gunplay-and-pursuit pictures; whereas it certainly is the only one about a man—a florist, what's more—named Johnny Allegro. I've heard it suggested that "people don't know what Allegro means," but, bless me, do they know what Belinda means, or Largo, or Gatsby? Anyone not knowing what it means might safely be allowed to assume it's an ordinary surname until *Johnny Allegro* himself, in this

picture, explains that it means "quick" and implies that he lives up to it. He is a former gangster, now going straight as a florist in a hotel, who is induced to take on a sort of secret-service job which leads him to a small island off the Florida coast. Here there is a sinister villain in the real old cultured-master-mind



Canine Chimera  
*Johnny Allegro*—GEORGE RAFT

tradition, who is a dead shot with a bow-and-arrow, relaxes to gramophone-records of Beethoven and has lobster for breakfast. You can well imagine the sort of thing that goes on; indeed the film is without any particular distinction and is likely to disappoint people who remember that TED TETZLAFF directed *The Window*. But it's certainly not boring. The part of the

principal character is admirably suited to GEORGE RAFT, and the old tricks of suspense (including that infallible one of the search of a desk-drawer at a moment when the owner may appear) are used to great effect. All the same—why did nobody realize that the film would be improved out of all knowledge by showing some of the

scenes in natural silence instead of against a background of continuous minor-key oodling?

With *Innocence is Bliss* (Director: LLOYD BACON) we have another changed title; originally it was *Miss Grant Takes Richmond*, and this change is easier to understand. Not many moviegoers over here remember that Grant took Richmond. It seems a pity that the careful naming of the characters of *Miss Grant* and

*Mr. Richmond* should go for nothing, but the film is a gay trifle, with plenty of fun and bright dialogue, and the loss of its facetious title is not serious. The girl (LUCILLE BALL) is an incompetent and unlucky secretary, taken on because of her incompetence by an illegal book-making firm, so that she may make a show in the front

office—the place is supposed to be an estate agency—without ever realizing what is going on in the boss's private room. The boss being WILLIAM HOLDEN the end is predictable, but the little film runs its course briskly and amusingly, with characteristic performances by JAMES GLEASON and FRANK McHUGH as the boss's henchmen and some well-imagined and funny slapstick incidents as well as many good lines. Experienced typists in the audience are full of delight at the heroine's difficulties with her typing and dictation, but you don't need to be such a specialist to enjoy the picture.

\* \* \* \* \*

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Among the releases is *A Run For Your Money* (7/12/49), which though not very fresh has plenty of good simple fun. Sentimentalists will like the lavish new Technicolor version of *Little Women*.

RICHARD MALLETT



Just a Home-girl  
*Ellen Grant*—LUCILLE BALL

*Innocence is Bliss*

## HAT TRICKERY

IF you dislike unexplained mysteries I pray you to read no further. I do not pretend to expound. I merely chronicle what A.B. told my wife and me in the Ramshorn Coffee House.

One afternoon A.B. paid his usual visit to the Green Teapot. He hung his hat on the usual peg on the usual rack. When he had finished his usual cup of tea and slice of roly-poly he took down the only hat on the rack. It had his hat's colour and shape, but just as soldiers sense at once when they have the wrong rifle he sensed he had the wrong hat. Inside were the initials C.D.

A.B. handed the hat to a waitress to take to the manager's office. There, she said, it would remain until C.D. returned with A.B.'s hat.

Nine weeks passed with no sign from C.D. One afternoon A.B. paid his usual visit to the Green Teapot. As he hung his hat (the one rescued from redundancy by the action of C.D.) on the usual peg on the usual rack he saw a hat on the neighbouring peg. The instant feeling that it was his was confirmed by the initials A.B. inside.

He stood beside the rack until a man rose from a table and came to claim the hat. When the man saw A.B. holding two hats he said "So it was you who took my hat from the Brown Jug last week."

"I have never been in the Brown Jug in my life," retorted A.B. truthfully. The other man put out his hand and turned over A.B.'s other hat (the one now destined for redundancy). When he saw that it too bore the initials A.B. he looked grave.

"The initials in that hat should be mine—E.F." he said.

"No," said A.B. "That is my old hat. Look carefully."

E.F. looked carefully, and shook his head. "Of course, you're right," he said. "But where is my hat?"

"Obviously on the head of a man whose initials are C.D." said A.B. "He took mine from the Green Teapot and took yours from the Brown Jug. It was the merest

chance that we came together this afternoon."

"What am I to do?" asked E.F. "I have no hat."

A.B., who had no intention of parting with either of his hats, said, "In the manager's office there is a hat which was left by C.D. when he took mine. It may not suit you, but it will at least allow you to reach home in decency."

Together they went to the manager's office and retrieved the hat. "That is my hat," said E.F. the moment he saw it.

"Impossible," said A.B. "It's C.D.'s. Look inside."

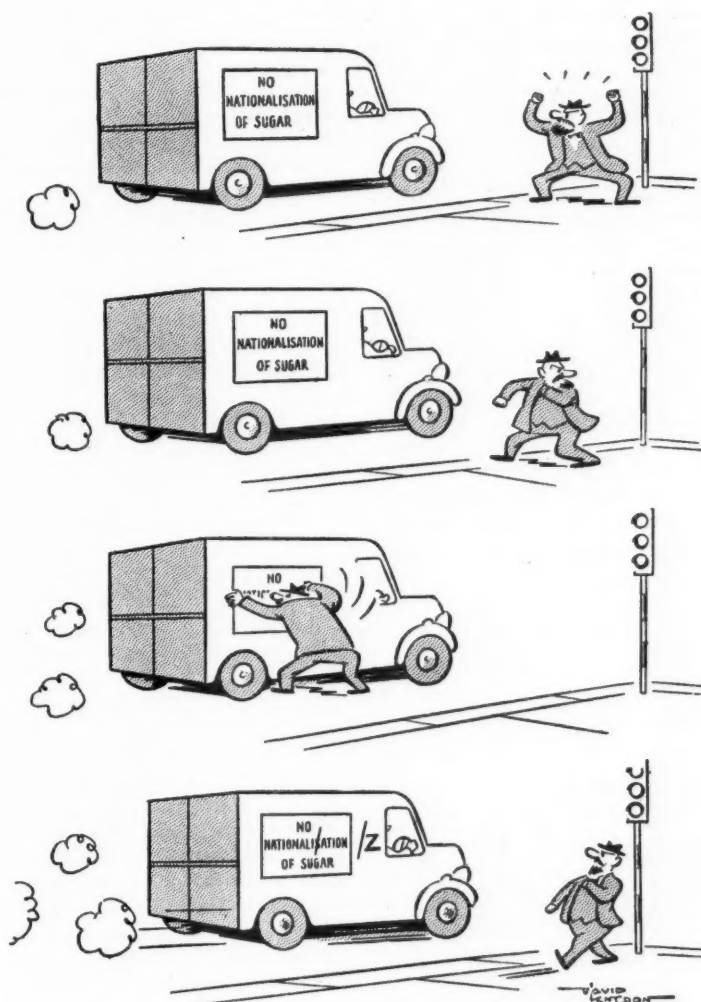
E.F. held the hat for A.B. to look inside. It bore the initials E.F.

That was what A.B. told my wife and me in the Ramshorn Coffee House. As we parted outside, A.B. said "Eerie, isn't it?" And off he went, courteously raising my hat to my wife.

"Many women, this year, I find, are buying plum puddings. Very good they are, too, and quite inexpensive. Mince-meat, however, is another proposition."

*Scottish paper*

Though also inexpensive.





## ON NOT WEARING A HAT

ONE of our newspapers has been quoting an American writer who claims to read character by studying hats. The author, Mr. Frederic Meier, tells us that an easy-going man wears a floppy hat, that turned-up brims are worn by self-assured businessmen, and that a man who wears a bowler squarely on his head is generally a hard man to beat at a bargain.

Compared with Sherlock Holmes's deductions from a bowler hat, in "The Case of the Blue Carbuncle," Mr. Meier's discoveries strike us as neither original nor profound; any Boy Scout, we feel, could tell us as much. But at the moment when, vexed by his superficiality, I was about to abandon him, I came upon—"For men who wear no hats the rules of society exist only to be broken."

I doubt whether the most advanced Boy Scout has caught up with this. It is a glittering vision of Mr. Meier's own. In a way it is a pity that its falsity is so easily demonstrated, for the picture it conjures up, of bareheaded men going about menacing the rest of us, is agreeably fantastic. But justice must be served. And of course there are a dozen sensible reasons why a man might not wear a hat. He may think they will make his hair fall out. He may be allergic to them, sneezing whenever he passes one. He may simply prefer not to wear them, as

other men prefer not to eat meat or grape-fruit. Or he may be frightened of them, as I am.

I have not forgotten what I endured with the last hat I bought, in July 1939, when I was in London trying to break into Fleet Street, and had a dim notion that I should get in sooner with a hat than without one (I had probably been seeing too many American films).

At that time the black Homburg was extremely fashionable, so much so that without one you could scarcely hope to get anywhere in your profession. But I rejected the Homburg after one glance at my reflection, and so did the hatter. "I think not, sir," he said, turning a little pale. "Perhaps this?" And he whisked from its box one of those hats with a snap brim, so-called for the entirely adequate reason that the brim snaps up and down at your desire.

I liked the look of it, donned it, snapped down the brim and turned to look at myself. The brim snapped up again, and the hatter sniggered, unsuccessfully trying to conceal it with a cough. He took the hat from me, kneaded the brim between his fingers and laid it on my head as gently as an archbishop crowning a queen. He had scarcely opened his mouth to say "That's better" when the brim snapped up again.

We tried four or five times more; we tried until we were both a little bored. Then the hatter said he didn't think I should find a more suitable hat; I agreed (I always agree with hatters), screwed my old hat into a pocket, and left.

It had a lot of character, that snapper, though looking back I think it probably did my career more harm than good. The trouble was that I never managed to control the brim. Sometimes it would stay down for as long as fifteen minutes, but when I least expected it up it would snap, usually as I was looking some important executive straight in the face. At other times it would snap up and down so often, and at such a pace, that persons to whom I was talking glanced nervously over their shoulders, under

the impression that the hat was signalling to somebody.

Since it was impossible to carry on a serious conversation in such a hat I acquired the habit of carrying it in my hand, where the brim could snap up and down quietly to itself without attracting any attention. But by then the damage was done. I was known as the man with the queer hat, sometimes misreported as the queer man with the hat, and Fleet Street rejected both of us.

Mr. Meier would deduce from this story only that I had sound motives for breaking society's rules. "This is a very common case," he might say. "Here we have a man who has transferred to society his grievance against hats. It is only to be expected that he should keep to the right in the Underground, cross traffic lights on the yellow, push open swing doors the wrong way round and try to repair fuses without switching off at the mains. He is trying to get even with his hat."

Well, perhaps I may be; it certainly owes me something. But before accepting the label of public enemy it might be as well to examine the kind of society Mr. Meier has in mind. Nobody seems to wear more than one kind of hat. A businessman is never seen in a floppy-brim, a bookmaker never wears his bowler but at an angle of reckless good-humour. Nobody ever wears caps, not even while playing golf or pruning apple trees (it would be interesting, though not, I suspect, flattering, to have Mr. Meier's views on cap-wearers). It follows that a stern man is never anything but stern, a jovial man anything but jovial.

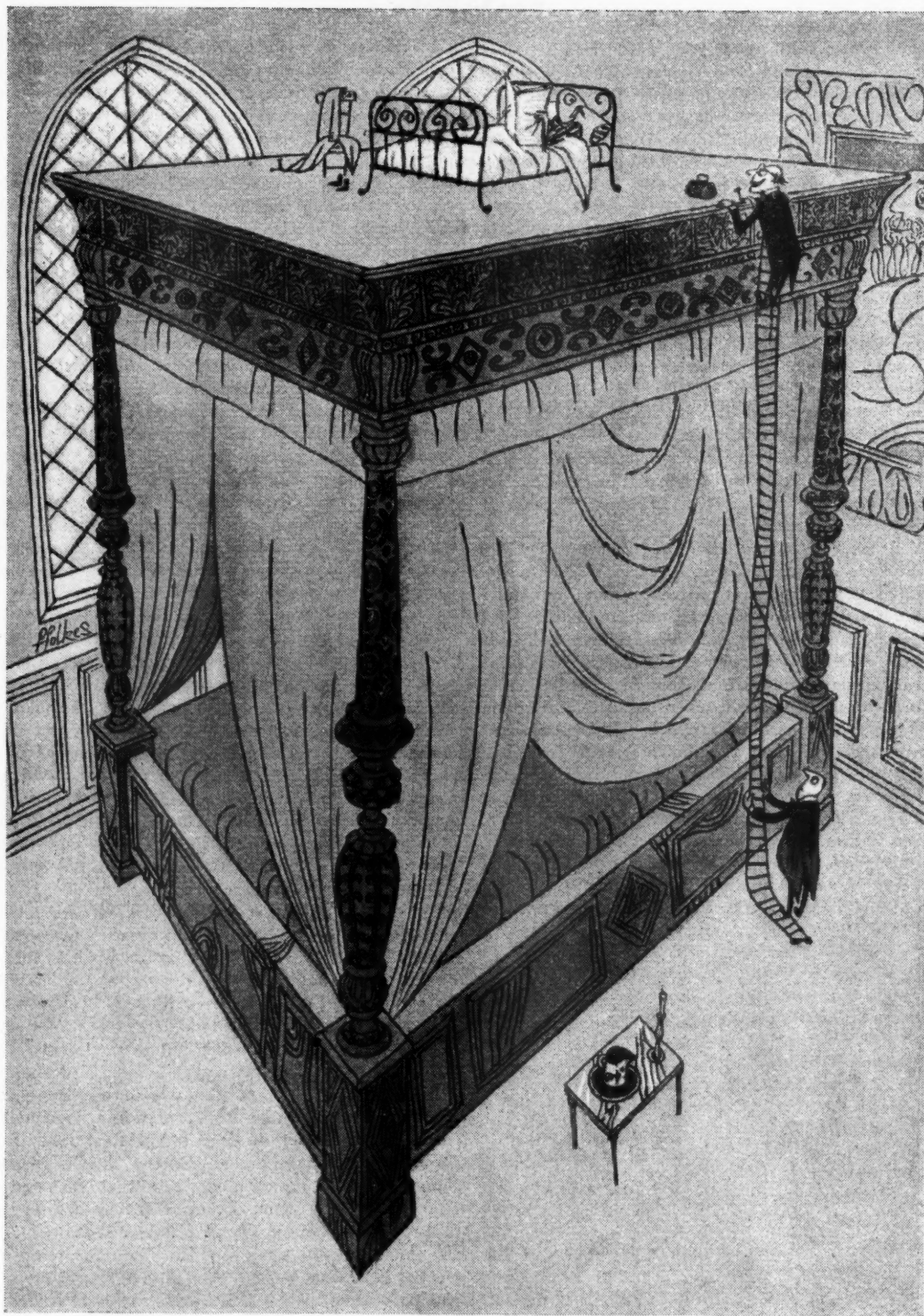
We need do no more than compare this society with our own—in which we wear several types of hat, suiting each to the diversion of the moment—to place Mr. Meier's society on its proper level. The word, I think, is rum.

5 5

## Believe It or Not

"Lost. Inside Gent's Wrist Watch, P5 Corporation Bus.—Reward."  
Advt. in "Lancashire Evening Post"





*"And how's the old claustrophobia this morning, Sir Charles?"*

## TRANSPORT

THIS Belle-Lettre muses over Transport, the chief aim of which is not so much to get from point A to point A1 as to avoid bumping into other Transport. For one good set-to about whether it should be possible to go direct from Manchester to Polperro there are a dozen about such topics as whether more women cyclists collide with men pedestrians than vice versa. In fact there are so many such discussions that I shall have to omit this aspect of the subject altogether. I shall also omit the problem of stowaways in trams.

As I do not wish to give the impression that my attitude is one of arid exclusiveness I hurry on to ox-carts and balloons. The name most people associate with ox-carts is Pearl Buck, with balloons Montgolfier. Oxen need oxygen, balloons hydrogen. Balloons can manage both the vertical and the horizontal, ox-carts the horizontal only. On the other hand, ox-carts with their goads score over balloons with their ballast. A goad can be used over and over again, whereas ballast once used would have to be hunted for, and by the time of finding might well have been affected by climatic conditions.

The ordinary tram is rather looked down upon since the trolleybus occurred to its inventor. The trolleybus has a greater range of offensive action, and while lacking the freedom of the bus, pure and simple, has a kind of partial freedom—a freedom in a situation, M. Sartre would call it—which is quite superior to that of the predestinate tram. The most imaginative thing about a tram is the cow-catcher: as cows and trams rarely occur together the device is more ornamental than practical, which is as some things should be.



The advantage of horses over trams is that they can go sideways, as at Rochester. (This is a literary allusion: even if it means nothing to you it means a lot to me. If it does mean something to you, that's two of us who have read *Pickwick*. If it reminds you puzzlingly of a Restoration poet your knowledge is wider than mine, and that is not a relationship between reader and writer that should be encouraged.) Some disadvantages of horses compared with trams are that you cannot read on them so easily and that you rarely get the righteous feeling that comes from giving up your seat to a lady.

Horses are often used as the lower end of a comparison when talking about speeds. Pythons, tides and forest fires are but a tithe of the things that go faster than a man on horseback.

As most people have spent more of their time in perambulators than in any other vehicle it is odd that such do not occupy a more prominent place in literature. I suppose that children dislike being bottled up, and the dislike lingers subconsciously. When second-childhood comes the aged use bathchairs, which are ostentatiously different in construction from perambulators and are differently propelled. Who ever saw a perambulator being pulled by an aged man in a cap or by a goat? Nobody, except perhaps Chagall.

The moving staircase is a confusing form of transport, as it works quite well when stopped, which is not true of the submarine or space-rocket. Escalators fascinate popular writers on physics, who like to imagine people running up them when they are going down and hint that this represents the kind of thing that is happening all the time in Outer Space. Escalators are yet another of the kinds of Transport which cannot go sideways and hence fail to make the highest grade.

Antique Transport, laid up in stables attached to palaces, has a fascination for me that no new-minted stream-liner ever attains unless it goes wrong. Complicated, creaky leather carriages, filled with hidey-holes, like those in old-fashioned dressing-cases, take me back to a time when Transport was not just a rapidly narrowing gap between departure and arrival but a Way of Life. Serious travellers, Napoleon for example, would have fitments in their coaches for such *en tout cas* impedimenta as the complete works of Julius Cæsar, ink-horns, book-plated gazetteers, richly canopied palliasses and small brass cannon for returning salutes. Even the Swiss Family Robinson would have found that the possession of such a vehicle raised their standard of living. Sometimes the stables include sleighs, but these are usually so solid that one wonders how any ice bore them, if they ever travelled on ice; perhaps they were some kind of indoor sleigh.

Since the Samba replaced the Hornpipe seafaring has not been what it was. The kind of ships that take rich passengers to visit rich friends are often so decorated that they are scarcely recognizable as marine at all. "My boy," the directors say to the decorator, as they loose him on the restaurant and the lounge,



"don't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tartan." There is a curious connection between sea Transport and food. Any traveller returning from a cruise talks about the splendour of the meals on board before referring in an off-hand way to the scenery. This is not true of travellers on trains and still less of travellers in cabs. Perhaps it is all due to vestigial fears of mutinies. After all, you cannot keelhaul somebody who may turn out to be a shareholder or even the chairman's aunt.

There are indubitably a very large number of different aspects of Transport, and were I to deal with them all it is unlikely that the Editor would much care for this contribution. I shall, therefore, mention only one more before bringing my Belle-Lettre to a neat close, and the bicycle is what this aspect is. As any motorist will agree, the bicycle is good at going sideways. Another advantage is that you can put a windmill on the front. A windmill on an elephant would never really get up speed, and a windmill on an aeroplane would go so fast it would not cause much delight, but a windmill on a bicycle is just right. Car drivers, at least in built-up areas well policed, might find windmills enjoyable, but they go in more for nymphs about to dive, a manly taste for those who like their tastes manly.

And now for the promised neat close—the word "Transport" comes from two foreign words meaning "Across" and "Door": I cannot imagine why.

R. G. G. PRICE



*"I joined the Legion two or three weeks ago to try to forget a girl called Elsie or something."*

## THE PLUMBER AND THE PIPE

**I**T was a wife, a housewife,  
A wife in a cottage sma',  
Who has put a bowl of white enamel  
To catch the drips in the ha'.

There's a man that leans his bicycle  
On the braw new paint o' the shed;  
"Come up, come up, gude plumber,  
Come up, and mind your head!

Come down, come down, my little son,  
And let the kind man be!  
He has ta'en the side from off the bath;  
O a bonnie bold man is he!

He has turn'd a wheel, the muckle wheel  
That's under the bathroom floor;  
And when, O when, my little son,  
Sall we hae hot water more?"

Then up and spoke the plumber:  
"My years they are eight times eight,  
But never the day when I did see  
A pipe in such a state!

Now whaur will I get a joint this size?"  
His voice it is full of woe.

"Over the hill in yonder town  
Is the place of a chap I know——"

"Ride fast, ride fast, gude plumber,  
For the miles are three times one,  
And you maun be there and here again  
Before the day is done."

The waeifu' man he shook his head;  
"That makes them three times two.  
There's never a plumber in the land  
May such a journey do!

I maun take this piece of pipe and wait  
Till a day when things look slack;  
And I'll leave the bath the way it is—  
It's nae use putting it back."

At the garden-gate this man of doom  
Has turn'd himself about;  
"If you don't want to blow the house up, Missis,  
You'll shovel the boiler out."

O the boiler's cauld in that cottage sma',  
And cauld the tap frae the main.  
The plumber with his piece of pipe  
Was never seen again.

ANDE

## THE ATTIC WINDOW

I ALWAYS see it, as I look from my own window,  
as a lighthouse, shining from the dark roofs' crowded  
height;  
remote as any star: detached and disconnected  
from the thick living of this vibrant street by night.  
One bare electric light hangs from the ceiling  
and, garishly, betrays a dingy wall;  
but I cannot see the occupant at all:  
for at one side a dangling strip of curtain  
hides all but just a table end from sight.  
A table, strewn with papers; and a pencil  
in a young man's hand. What does that young man write?

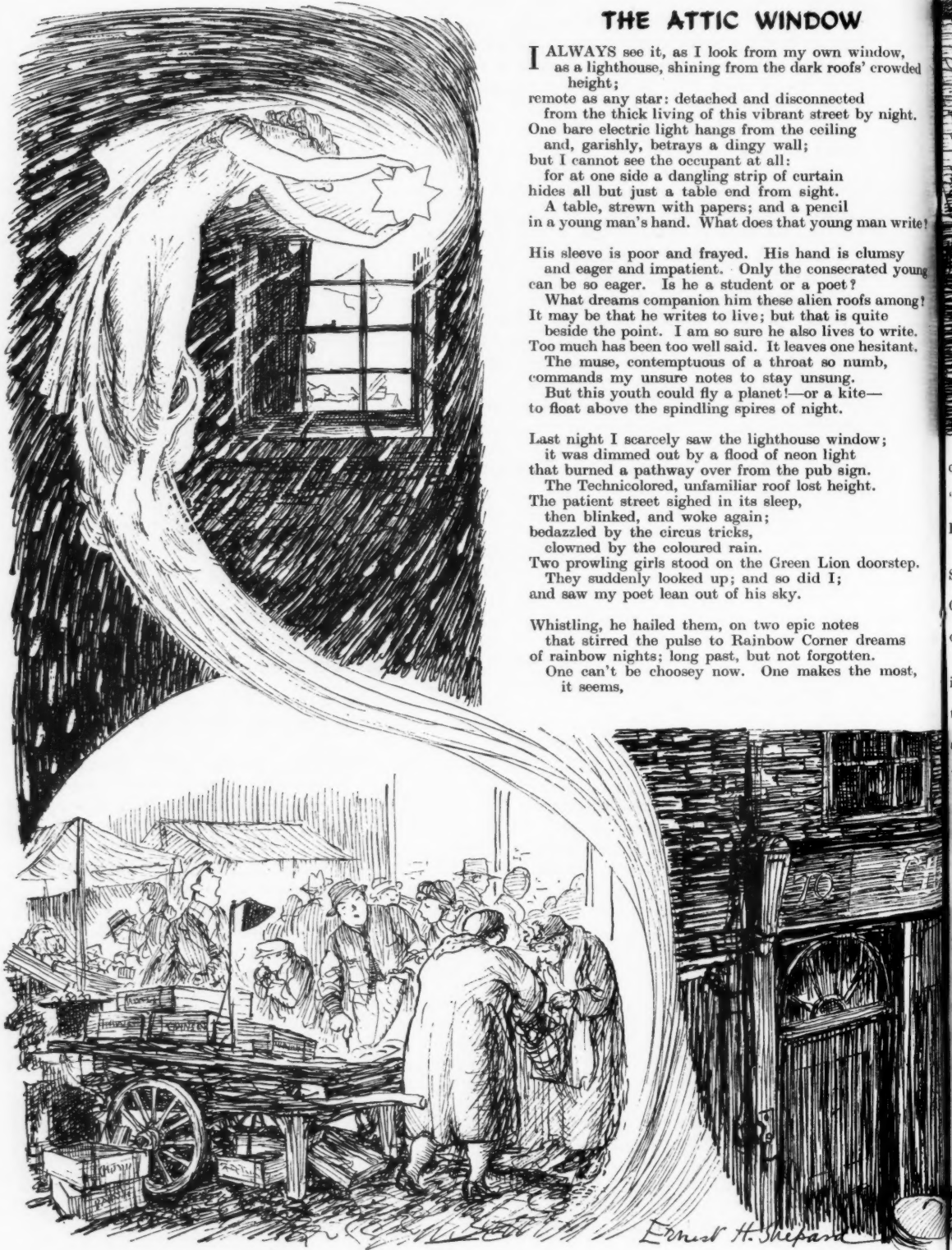
His sleeve is poor and frayed. His hand is clumsy  
and eager and impatient. Only the consecrated young  
can be so eager. Is he a student or a poet?  
What dreams companion him these alien roofs among?  
It may be that he writes to live; but that is quite  
beside the point. I am so sure he also lives to write.  
Too much has been too well said. It leaves one hesitant.  
The muse, contemptuous of a throat so numb,  
commands my unsure notes to stay unsung.  
But this youth could fly a planet!—or a kite—  
to float above the spindling spires of night.

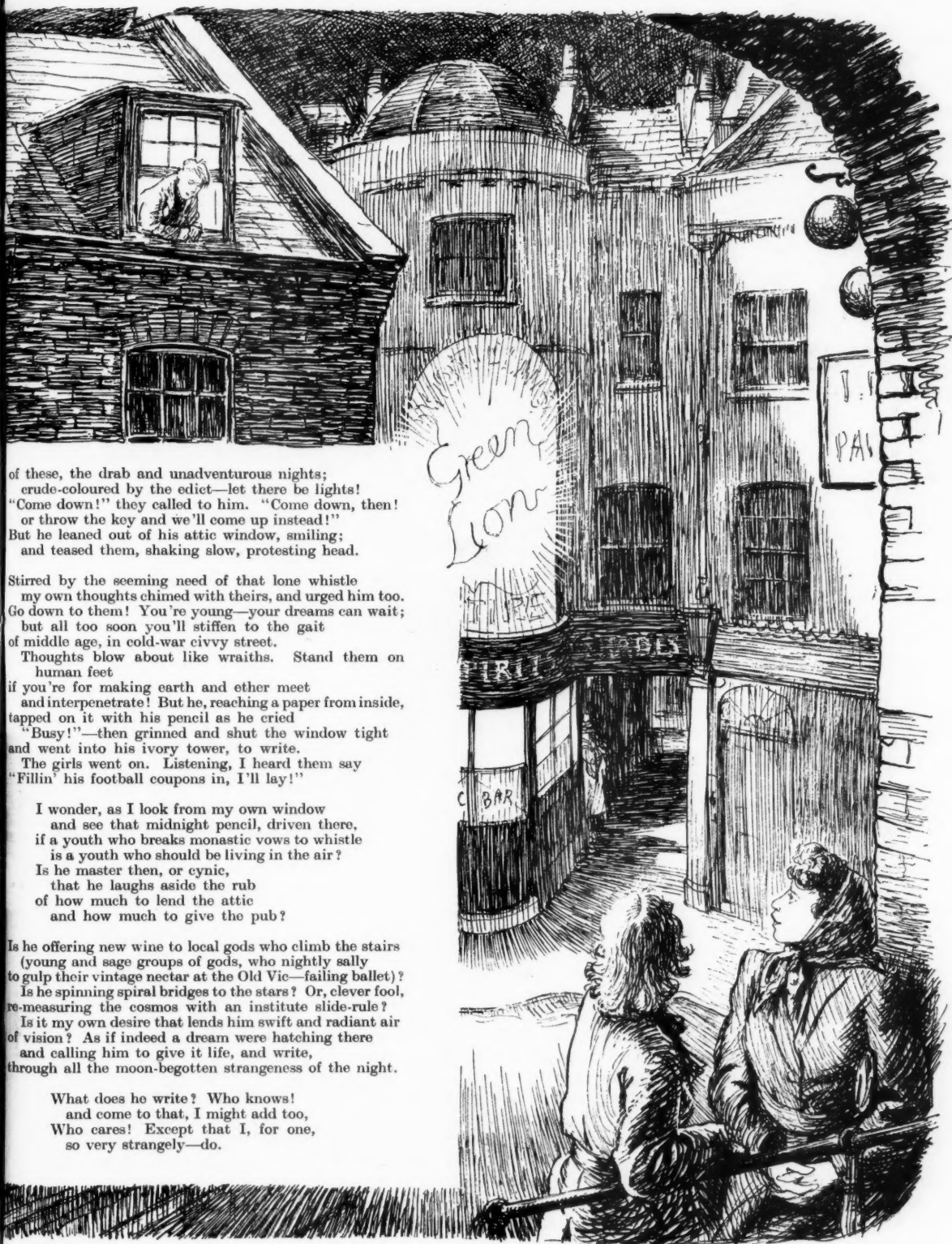
Last night I scarcely saw the lighthouse window;  
it was dimmed out by a flood of neon light  
that burned a pathway over from the pub sign.

The Technicolor, unfamiliar roof lost height.  
The patient street sighed in its sleep,  
then blinked, and woke again;  
bedazzled by the circus tricks,  
clowning by the coloured rain.

Two prowling girls stood on the Green Lion doorstep.  
They suddenly looked up; and so did I;  
and saw my poet lean out of his sky.

Whistling, he hailed them, on two epic notes  
that stirred the pulse to Rainbow Corner dreams  
of rainbow nights; long past, but not forgotten.  
One can't be choosy now. One makes the most,  
it seems,





of these, the drab and unadventurous nights;  
crude-coloured by the edict—let there be lights!  
"Come down!" they called to him. "Come down, then!  
or throw the key and we'll come up instead!"  
But he leaned out of his attic window, smiling;  
and teased them, shaking slow, protesting head.

Stirred by the seeming need of that lone whistle  
my own thoughts chimed with theirs, and urged him too.  
Go down to them! You're young—your dreams can wait;  
but all too soon you'll stiffen to the gait  
of middle age, in cold-war civvy street.

Thoughts blow about like wraiths. Stand them on  
human feet

if you're for making earth and ether meet  
and interpenetrate! But he, reaching a paper from inside,  
tapped on it with his pencil as he cried

"Busy!"—then grinned and shut the window tight  
and went into his ivory tower, to write.

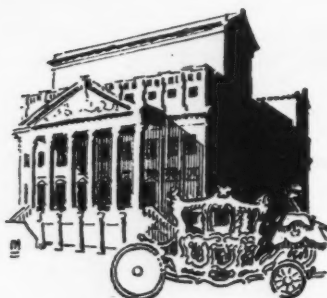
The girls went on. Listening, I heard them say  
"Fillin' his football coupons in, I'll lay!"

I wonder, as I look from my own window  
and see that midnight pencil, driven there,  
if a youth who breaks monastic vows to whistle  
is a youth who should be living in the air?  
Is he master then, or cynic,  
that he laughs aside the rub  
of how much to lend the attic  
and how much to give the pub?

Is he offering new wine to local gods who climb the stairs  
(young and sage groups of gods, who nightly sally  
to gulp their vintage nectar at the Old Vic—failing ballet)?  
Is he spinning spiral bridges to the stars? Or, clever fool,  
re-measuring the cosmos with an institute slide-rule?  
Is it my own desire that lends him swift and radiant air  
of vision? As if indeed a dream were hatching there  
and calling him to give it life, and write,  
through all the moon-begotten strangeness of the night.

What does he write? Who knows!  
and come to that, I might add too,  
Who cares! Except that I, for one,  
so very strangely—do.





## SHADES OF THE MANSION HOUSE

THIS is the season of the year—or it soon will be—when thousands of young panto-goers resolve that they will some day become Lord Mayor of London. It is also the season when parents are called upon to answer innumerable awkward questions about Dick Whittington, about his cat, his spectacular rise to fame and fortune and his subsequent transformation on the stage into a creature of remarkably unboyish contours. There are probably as many ways of by-passing this ordeal as there are opera glasses, but the wise parent will attempt much more than an evasive shuffle. He will deal firmly—yet not too faithfully—with Dick, and then steer the questionnaire towards matters of broader interest with some such introduction as “Of course, Dick Whittington was only one of nearly six hundred Lord Mayors of London. . . .” If the boy (*your boy*) continues to hear Bow Bells in his dreams and remains firm in his resolution, your best course is to take him along to the Mansion House for a preview of his future home and a fair picture of what the job entails.

First, though, there is the handling of Dick Whittington. The Whittington stone at Highgate describes Dick as “Sir Richard Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London,” though, in fact, he was never knighted, was never Lord Mayor (only Mayor) and served not three terms of office but four. To reveal such woeful inaccuracies before our young hopeful is as inadvisable, however, as to suggest,

as some authorities do, that Dick’s cat was merely a corruption of the French *achat*, a purchase or bargain. No, the legend should be left intact, and Dick’s rich father should never be mentioned. Incentives must be preserved.

Forward, then, to the Mansion House.

“Shall I eat turtle soup every day?” asks the boy.

“Not exactly,” you say. “Times are not quite what they were. The

quickly. “Lord Mayors live almost exclusively on bicarbonate of soda after their first month of office. You’ll be expected to attend about five hundred public luncheons and dinners during the year and make well over a thousand speeches. There’ll be five thousand letters to write, three hundred and sixty-five meetings and committees to preside over, eighty-odd balls and receptions . . .”

The boy mutters something about barons of beef.

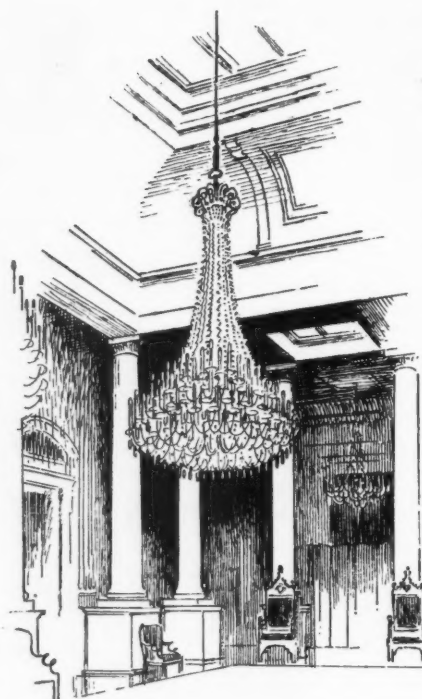
“Sorry, no barons of beef either. Remember, though, that you’ll never be able to please all your guests. In 1663 Pepys found the Lord Mayor’s banquet a most disagreeable affair. ‘It was very unpleasant,’ he wrote, ‘that we had no napkins nor change of trenchers, and drunk out of earthen pitchers and wooden dishes.’ Imagine that. No change of trenchers!”

“I take it,” says the boy, “that I *should* be able to ride in the gilded coach?”

“I’m glad you mentioned the coach: perhaps we ought to go round to the City Greenyard and inspect it. Eh? Well, the City Greenyard’s a pound . . . yes, the same spelling . . . a place where stray dogs and sheep and things are kept until their owners can be found.”

“Does the Lord Mayor’s coachman live in the pound?”

“Er—I’m afraid there’s no coachman; no full-time coachman, that is. The fellow you saw in the Show was hired just for the day. You see, the great coach is only used once a year, and there’s such a thing as Direction of Labour. A great pity in a way: the old pre-war coachman was such a splendid figure of a man that it took six assistants to get him up on the box. But you’ll like the coach. It’s got no springs, *and no brakes!* And it weighs four and a quarter tons. Of course, mayors *were* mayors in olden times.”



great banquets are now officially described as dinners and are certainly not the blow-outs of pre-war days. Calf’s head is difficult to come by, so mock-turtle soup is a rarity, but you should get plenty of synthetic mock. And you’ll always be able to examine the block on which live turtles from the West Indies were slaughtered in the good old days. It’s in the cellars.”

The sound of Bow Bells grows fainter in the boy’s ears: he blanches and his mouth begins to droop at the corners.

“But you mustn’t be put out by the turtle soup situation,” you add

"No brakes, did you say?"

"That's right. When the coach is on Ludgate Hill its entire weight is taken by the two rear horses—there's probably a proper name for them but I'll call them the two full-backs, if you see what I mean. They're extremely clever animals and know exactly when to change down or reverse. And they're never put out of their stride—except this last time, when some of them bolted—by the cheering and trumpeting. You'll find the coach extremely comfortable, I think, and so roomy that you'll be able to stand upright in it even with your topper on. The only snag is that it pitches and tosses rather badly, in the manner of a frigate nosing through the Bay of Biscay in an equinoctial gale, which accounts, perhaps, for the prevalence of that distressing malady known as *mal de maire*. So, you see, the shortage of turtle soup and barons of beef needn't worry you at all. It was built in 1757 and cost £1,065 3s. 0d."

"Including P.T.?"

"Your house will be extremely grand, with numerous recep. ballroom, saloon and usual offices. The Egyptian Banqueting Hall is Greek in style, and the ballroom is never used for balls, though it's the scene of the Lord Mayor's Christmas party for children. It contains a plaster version of the story of "Leda and the Swan," which meets with occasional disapproval and was once boarded up for a whole year as a mark of respect to Queen Victoria and her Diamond Jubilee. I must warn you, however, that yours will be the only private house in the world equipped with prison cells and a court of justice. Oh, I forgot to say that the ballroom is now being re-decorated and will have to miss its party this time. Now what else can I tell you?"

"I suppose the pay's all right?"

"No, far from it. Before you can become Lord Mayor you must show bonds to the value of at least £30,000 and you must be prepared to dig pretty deeply into your purse. Once, an alderman was elected Lord Mayor and then developed cold feet and begged to be excused the honour. He was fined one thousand

pounds—and that was in 1797, long before devaluation. Your duties will be many and varied. You'll be the chief magistrate of the City and spend a lot of time in the courtroom dispensing justice; you'll preside over the courts of the Corporation—the Courts of Aldermen, Common Council, Husting and Common Halls; you'll be expected to look after the fabric of St. Paul's Cathedral; you'll be given the quarterly pass-word of the Tower; you'll be a member of the Privy Council . . ."

"It seems a pity they let the coachman go."

"Ah, but there are footmen in splendid livery, stewards, harassed secretaries, and three very important ceremonial officers called the Sword-bearer (who wears a fur cap), the Common Cryer and Serjeant-at-Arms (who carries the mace and cries 'Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!') and the City Marshal (who rides on horseback before the Lord Mayor's coach).

"I always thought it was 'Oi-yea!'"

"No, sir. No less an authority on Norman French than Quiller-

Couch has approved 'Oh Yes!' Mind you, it's not 'Oh Yeah!' or anything like that. You will have at least half a dozen changes of gorgeous raiment, including robes of red, violet, black and gold, and ermine. Does that make you feel any better?"

Shades of the Mansion House begin to close once more around the growing boy, and the sound of Bow Bells renews its assault on his eardrums.

"However, I feel that I must point out," you say, "that your decision to emulate Dick Whittington and become Lord Mayor of London clashes with certain of your other resolutions—

particularly your vow of celibacy. Only seven of the five hundred and ninety-six Lord Mayors have faced their year of office as bachelors, and the experience is not, I understand, a very pleasant one. Won't you reconsider the matter?"

At this point prospective Lord Mayors have been known to burst into tears of rage and frustration. If *your* boy's lips begin to tremble—buy him a cat.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



The Stocks Market, site of the Mansion House 1700



"Can he do that?"

## MOONLIGHT ON HAMLET

I AM indebted to Dr. Ernest Jones for introducing me to a variety of fascinating explanations of Hamlet's behaviour. According to Gerth, it appears, the play is an elaborate defence of Protestantism; according to Rio and others it is a defence of Roman Catholicism; according to Meisels, Hamlet is a typical Jew. Plumptre agrees with Silberschlag in holding that the play is a satire on the matrimonial adventures of Mary Queen of Scots, while Elze regards it as a parable of the domestic life of the Earl of Essex. Vining suggests that Hamlet was a woman who had been brought up as a man; E. V. Blake claims to have evidence that he suffered from fatty degeneration of the heart; and Dr. Jones himself (from whose book *Hamlet and Oedipus*\* I have culled these enchanting theories)

holds that the gloomy Dane had a morbid affection for his mother.

All these hypotheses have been put forward in reputable papers like the *Populärwissenschaftliche Monatsblätter zur Belehrung über das Judentum* and so on, and I am therefore reasonably sanguine about the chances of getting a reasonable reception for my own interpretation of the Hamlet problem, which is based on Hoerbiger's Cosmogonic Theory.

I know nothing of Hans Hoerbiger the man, except that he was a Viennese cosmologist. But thanks to *Moons, Myths and Man* and other erudite books by Mr. H. S. Bellamy (of whom more anon) I know all about his Cosmogonic Theory, or his Cosmological Theory if you prefer that permissible alternative; and, as it is quite likely that you do not, I will take time off to tell you what it says.

In Hoerbiger's view the moon was once a separate planet which cruised round the sun just as we do, only more slowly. One day, when the moon's perihelion happened to correspond with the earth's aphelion, the two planets came just a little too close to one another; and before you could say *Populärwissenschaftliche Monatsblätter* the moon began going round the earth and things were as we now know them, more or less.

This important change in our cosmogony was not effected without pain. The earth—according to Mr. Bellamy—was wrenched out of shape; earthquakes quaked everywhere; volcanoes erupted. Water from the higher latitudes was drawn away and piled up around the Equator, and then partly unpiled again. Whole kingdoms were drowned and civilizations perished.

The effect on the moon can only be imagined.

\* Recently published by Gollancz





Now Bellamy holds that almost every decent myth in the world's mythology originates in those events, which, he reckons, took place a mere fifteen thousand years ago. The Biblical flood, and the story of Atlantis, and deluges told of by the Mexicans and the Hawaiians and the Aztecs, who have a deluge-hero called Coxcox; the Book of Ezekiel and the Book of Jeremiah and the Book of Revelation; the legends of Greece and Rome—they all derive from the days when the moon was captured by the earth. Phæthon (for instance) was not the sun but the moon; he played the dickens with the earth's crust and was finally overcome by *force majeure*. The Hesperides' stolen apples were images of the new satellite. Quetzalcoatl, with his long feathery tail, was the moon trailing the stream of moisture that Hoerbiger says it did trail. The scarlet-coloured beast having ten horns . . . but I need hardly go on.

You are beginning, no doubt, to see the conclusion to which we are inevitably driven by all these considerations. *The story of Hamlet is the story of the moon captured by the earth.*

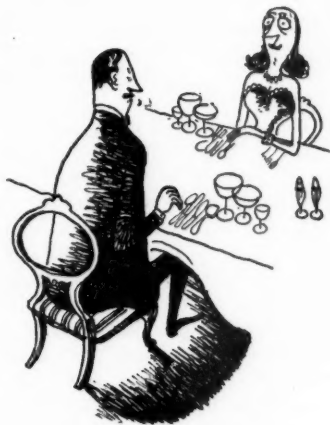
Like all such legends it has become rather corrupt in the course of years, but let us examine it for internal evidence.

You expect in a typical moon-myth to find a story of one character seeking to dominate another,

the domination being completed only after various trials involving floods, earthquakes and, perhaps, a pursuit across the sea. (Never mind why.)

All right. Hamlet is the earth and the King is the moon. Hamlet's dilatoriness can now easily be explained in terms of Hoerbiger: before the moon was finally captured the earth must have made one or two bad shots, when the distance between them was just not small enough. These are represented in the Hamlet myth by the scenes where Hamlet finds his uncle praying, by the scene with the players, and so forth.

The flood is very clearly indicated in Ophelia's suicide by drowning. One point, by the way,



which Hoerbiger's Theory now clears up is the puzzling description by Ophelia of "bonny sweet Robin"—

*His beard was as white as snow  
All flaxen was his poll.*

Clearly she refers here to the vapour-trail we spoke of just now in connection with Quetzalcoatl; and when, a moment before, she sang that "in his grave rained many a tear" she was indicating the torrential rains that this trail caused to fall on earth.

Next, an earthquake. Act Five, Scene One will suit admirably—two clowns, with spades, etc., turning up the earth; and, as if this were

not enough, a welter of geological metaphor:

*Till of this flat a mountain you have made*

*To o'ertop old Pelion or the skyish head  
Of blue Olympus*

from Læertes, and from Hamlet a little later:

*let them throw*

*Millions of acres on us, till our ground,*

*Singeing his pate against the burning zone,*

*Make Ossa like a wart!*

If that isn't a cataclysm-image I don't know what is.

There is a maritime pursuit, too, though some of the characters seem to change their rôles here. Hamlet has moved down to being the moon, and the earth is, I think, represented by Rosencrantz and Guildenstern. Still, no experienced interpreter of myths would be discouraged by a little thing like that.

In the last scene the domination is complete, but Hamlet (reverting to his original part) is himself destroyed, just as, for instance, Atlantis was. We are presented with the character of Fortinbras at this point, however, and he undoubtedly stands for the glorious new era that followed the cataclysm; while Osric will do very nicely for his shiny new satellite. Sarastro and the Queen of the Night—

But I seem to be straying into my next myth. B. A. YOUNG



Sprod

## AT THE PLAY

*Castle in the Air* (ADELPHI)*Murder at the Vicarage* (PLAYHOUSE)

I REALLY cannot see why the Coal Board should have fallen into a combustion over the cheerful disrespect with which it is treated in *Castle in the Air*. Any impersonal official monster should be big enough to take a little mocking, and the more confidence it has in its own efficiency the less likely it will be to take offence. Plays suggesting that soldiers are not necessarily senior wranglers and that the Royal Navy preserves an open mind about tectotalism often appear without ruffling the ancient calm of the Service Departments, and there is no good reason why the mushroom congregations of Civil Servants should be considered out of bounds. But I feel quite differently about the rather insolent cracks, aimed at particular politicians by name, with which this play raises easy laughter. By all means let us rag our masters in the mass, but Mr. ALAN MELVILLE's habit of dragging in personalities shows a sad lack of judgment.

This is a slight piece, yet there is a saving quality of genuine gaiety about the evening, and Mr. JACK BUCHANAN and Miss CORAL BROWNE top up



(Murder at the Vicarage)

## Confession

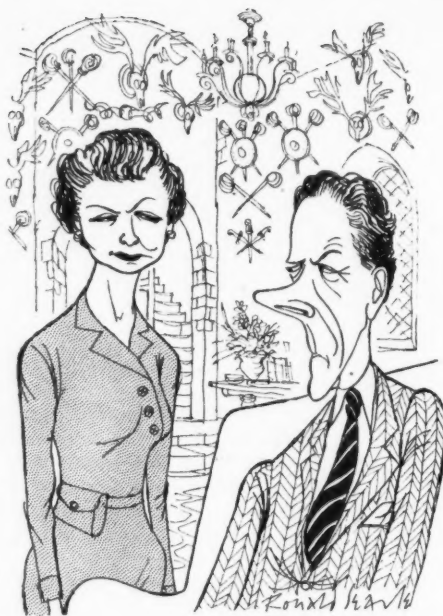
Miss Marple—Miss BARBARA MULLEN  
The Rev. Leonard Clement—

Mr. JACK LAMBERT

Det.-Inspector Slack

Mr. STANLEY VAN BEERS

an admirable cast with comic acting of rare polish. Mr. BUCHANAN plays an eccentric Scottish peer, who lives on credit in a mouldering castle in danger of being requisitioned by the Coal Board before it can be bought by a rich and eager American; and Miss BROWNE plays the secretary who loves the peer but is less willing than the American to give him practical help with his divorce. Their fooling together is one of the nicest featherweight duets we have been offered for a long time. Mr. BUCHANAN possesses a split-second sense in the handling of crisp lines—Mr. MELVILLE keeps him pretty well supplied—and an unaffected ease of manner that is singularly winning, while Miss BROWNE adds to her special poise a simmering turbulence that threatens to blow *Lord Locharne* sky-high, and in fact does. Housed in the wettest wing, the tyrant from the Coal Board catches a monumental cold and is obliged to inhale friar's balsam under a bath-towel in the library, in which position his submission is quickly gained; both in and out of catarrh Mr. WILLIAM KENDALL presents an arresting figure whose final melting into a human being will touch the hearts of all taxpayers. Miss IRENE MANNING forcefully conjures the princess of an empire of delicatessen, and Mr. EWAN ROBERTS lends an original flavour to the poaching factotum without whom life in the castle would not survive. In the background is a posse of dissatisfied P.G.s who remain invisible, though at times the grounds echo their complaints. Flimsy as it is, this nonsense is a welcome theatrical soufflé; its producer, Mr. ROY RICH, seems to have whisked it out of the oven at



(Castle in the Air)

## Interrogation

"Boss" Trent—Miss CORAL BROWNE  
The Earl of Locharne—Mr. JACK BUCHANAN

exactly the right moment. It is preceded by an exhibition of virtuosity from a swing trio, which personally I found most irritating, having gone to the Adelphi to see a play.

I was disappointed by *Murder at the Vicarage*, an adaptation from Miss AGATHA CHRISTIE by Miss MOIE CHARLES and Miss BARBARA TOY. Stage detection must be gripping, or funny, or both, and though this kept one guessing it seemed a tame affair that somehow rang false. Miss BARBARA MULLEN is clever but slightly monotonous as the parish spinster who unties the knots, and neat performances by Mr. REGINALD TATE, Mr. FRANCIS ROBERTS and Miss BETTY SINCLAIR stand out from a less certain field.

ERIC KEOWN

## Recommended

A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY—*New*—Another Old Vic success.

THE BEAUX' STRATAGEM—*Lyric*—Late Restoration brilliance.

BLACK CHIFFON—*Westminster*—Flora Robson superb in good family drama.

\*TREASURE HUNT—*Apollo*—Irish extravagance, with Sybil Thorndike exquisitely mad.

(\*Suitable for young people)

## ENTENTE CULTURALE

AN agreeable form of understanding between France and Britain is that interest in landscape, shared for so long by the two countries, which has, in the course of the last three hundred years, made its own special link between them.

It begins (one may arbitrarily say) with that great French landscape painter of the seventeenth century Claude Lorraine. From the Palazzo Colonna in Rome, from various Italian and French collections, the masterpieces of Claude were brought across the Channel by connoisseurs who doted on them. "So far," says Allan Cunningham of Sir George Beaumont, "did he carry his admiration of Claude that it amounted almost to a passion: the 'Narcissus,' by that great master, he commonly carried with him like a household god." Those pictures of classic ruins seemed, perhaps, in the age of Gibbon like a poetic interpretation of the "Decline and Fall," but British painters were no less affected by the freshness of dawn, the mellowness of sunset, which it was Claude's peculiar magic to render. He was, remarked Richard Wilson, "the only person that ever could paint fine weather," and Turner's admiration is recorded in the famous provision that the "Misty Sunrise" and the "Building of Carthage," which he bequeathed to the National Gallery, should "hang always between the two pictures painted by Claude, 'The Seaport' and 'The Mill.'" If words can ever convey the nature of a painting they do so in Keats's lines (in the Epistle to John Hamilton Reynolds) on Claude's "Enchanted Castle."

It was not many years after Keats had written of "the clear Lake and the little Isles, The mountains blue and cold near neighbour rills," that the French discovered British landscape. Géricault and Delacroix came over to London and found, instead of the universal fog and darkness, which they may have expected in art as well as nature, the light and colour of Constable and Turner. Constable was the

revelation of the Salon of 1824. "Admirable man," writes Delacroix, "he is one of the glories of England ... He and Turner are true reformers ... Our school has greatly profited by their example." It is certain that Constable and Turner helped to inspire the great school of open-air painting which is France's most dazzling landscape achievement. It is a curious historical fact that they handed on no direct tradition of landscape in their own country.

The Victorian age intervened, with ideals in art which were very different from those of the Continent. When Camille Pissarro and Claude Monet came to England at the time of the Franco-Prussian war it was not with that spirit of discovery which had impelled their Romantic forerunners forty-five years earlier, but to some extent they made a rediscovery. They saw Turners at the National Gallery and shimmering Turnerian effects of atmosphere from the Thames Embankment. Hence, pictures painted at Lower Norwood and Westminster have their place in the history of French Impressionism.

There is now a new *entente* of a

kind, the recently signed Anglo-French Cultural Convention. The title is not, perhaps, very attractive as a form of words, but its first-fruit, the exhibition of Landscape in French Art, 1550-1900, which opened this month at Burlington House, may well cause the visitor to recall at least how short the distance is between Newhaven and Dieppe.

The Briton (using the word in the sense it seems to have acquired, of indicating propensities for travel and points of contact with other nations) can enjoy it from this point of view and with some of the expansive holiday feeling with which he might board the "Golden Arrow," finding Delacroix close to us (and to Turner) at Dieppe, with an impressive little canvas of fishing-boats on a restless sea, and Boudinat ozone-swept Honfleur. He may, in a topographical spirit, follow the Barbizon School to the forest of Fontainebleau, the Impressionists in Normandy and along the Seine, the Post-Impressionists in Brittany and Provence, varying the pictorial vacation with time in Courbet's company in the rocky Jura country, and returning at length to a London dissolved in colour by Monet's brush.

WILLIAM GAUNT



## HEY WILLOW

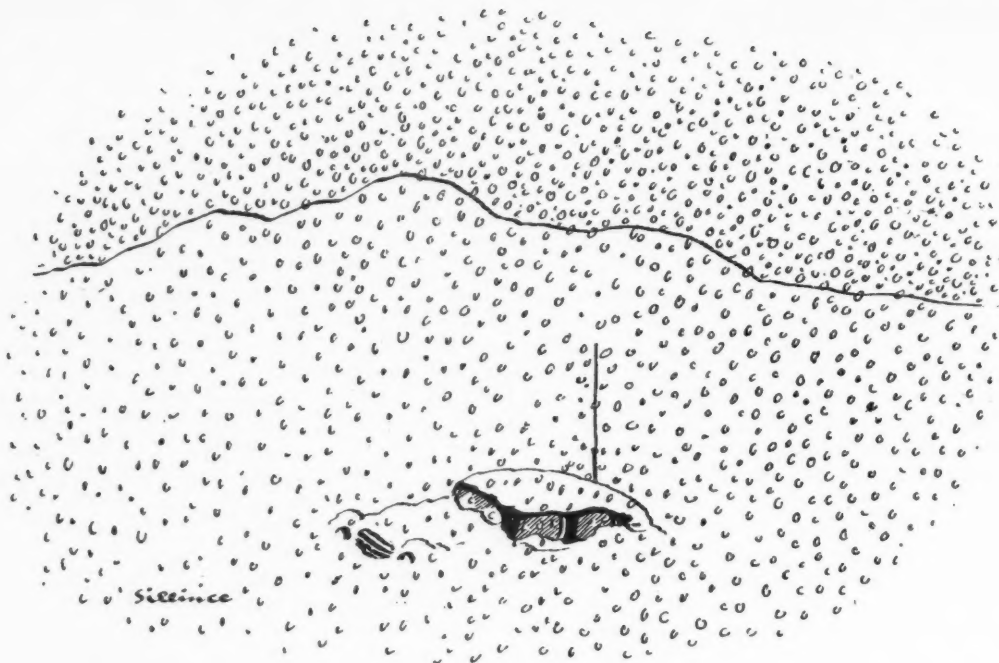
O DOLEFUL I, hey willow willow waly,  
I'm sitting under a willow tree and reading the  
*Daily*  
*Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph* and *The Times*  
And meditating on my horrid crimes.

Hey willow waly, hey but I'm doleful,  
I'm sitting under a willow tree and singing a soulful  
Song in *vers libre* to a twelve-tone tune with no bars  
in it,  
And the lyric has seventeen sea-sick stars in it.

Hey, sing hey, I'm sad and I'm weary,  
Sitting by the river and sniffing the wind from the  
gasworks and the beery  
Smell from the pseudo-Elizabethan pub at the corner.  
The world's been buried and I am its only mourner.

Buried and gone, the poor old world, hey willow,  
Hey willow waly, its head on an earthy pillow,  
Eaten by worms, and soon they'll be eating me,  
And I wish I hadn't had seventeen gins and South  
African vermouth for tea. R. P. LISTER





*"Just think — without the wireless we'd have lost all contact with the outside world."*

## FREE RIDE

OF all the fears that beset apprehensive humanity the most deep-seated is that of being unable to offer a bus-conductor the right money. Failing the introduction of the tipping system on buses —and who would not eagerly wave aside the halfpenny change rather than endure that long, disgruntled dredging in the money-bag?—the only key to an easy mind is a permanent pocketful of copper and bronze. This I always endeavour to maintain. It makes life smooth and sweet as I travel about London. If conductors do not actually smile when they see my extended penny-halfpenny, neatly arranged for easy snatching, they at least show me the reciprocal courtesy of not bashing my ear with their ticket-punch as they lurch on towards less thoughtful passengers.

But the will to co-operation is not always enough. Some assistance must be looked for to circumstances. This morning, in the shape of an absent-minded fourpenny

journey in the wrong direction, circumstances placed me on the top-deck of a number eleven with nothing smaller than a florin and a sixpence. The bus was full, and the lady with whom I shared a seat took noticeable exception to my nervous and repeated explorations of pockets; when I am wearing my yellow waistcoat I have thirteen pockets. The lady began to snort and glare before I had reached for the first time that pocket within a pocket which, under exploration, makes one's elbow stick out sharply. For the hip-pocket I had to stand up, a manoeuvre which knocked her handbag under the seat in front; my courtly dive to recover it knocked my hat into the aisle, and the conductor bounded up the companion way at that instant and trod on it. Slapstick piled on slapstick in a most distressing manner. As the man behind pointed out with a sharp dig that the tail of my overcoat was spread over his newspaper I was suddenly conscious that I had

lost my brief-case, and saw with only a modicum of relief that my neighbour had it propped against her chest like a tray.

I think I may say without extravagance that I was the cynosure of all eyes. The conductor, having no means of recognizing me as a well-known correct-fare profferer, momentarily the plaything of Fate, decided to start with me.

"Oile rairze fillsssst!" he demanded, snapping his fingers viciously under my nose.

My scarf fell gently on to the head of a lady in front.

"Oile rairze!" bawled the conductor.

Smugly, the other passengers oile held out their rairze. The lady in front tossed the scarf back over her shoulder without looking at me.

"You're treading on my hat," I said. It was weak, but a brave try, and I larded it with all the charm I could muster. The conductor obligingly stepped back a pace, but

that was all. Purple from embarrassment and plain blood-pressure, I asked the lady to excuse me while I picked it up and punched the dents out of it. As I did so she gave me a snort in the ear.

"I've got the right money somewhere," I told the conductor, forgetting that I had already squandered it on one of his colleagues travelling the other way. "Could you come back in a minute?"

Imperceptibly mollified, he snatched three-halfpence from the lady, who then pointedly rose and stood in the gangway pretending to read the back cover of *Screen Love* while I began on my four waistcoat pockets again. By this time I was experiencing a certain degree of resignation, and was prepared to expect the conductor to do the same. I sat down with the sixpence in my fingers. He would have to lump it. The lady sat down too, then got up again while I moved my hat.

The memory of the British public is short, and interest in me had subsided—for the moment. Nobody, therefore, witnessed a truly remarkable incident which then occurred. Determined to ingratiate myself as far as the situation would permit, I held my sixpence as near the edge as possible, telling myself that however much the conductor was going to hate the sight of it, my obvious attempt to make it easier for him to snatch must surely operate in my favour. I had it (the detail is interesting, and may cast light on the dynamics of the phenomenon) between the nails of my thumb and forefinger, held aloft; as the conductor approached me I tightened my grip slightly, and with the faintest of chinks it sprang into the air like a tiddly-wink. My eye was just quick enough to catch its brief glitter as it fell out of sight between the respective backs of my neighbour and her seat. It was all over so quickly that I only registered its disappearance as I held out my empty fingers to the conductor, saying sweetly, "Twopenny-halfpenny, please," and adding immediately, as my mental reactions hauled level with events—"It's down the lady's back."

"Now then," said the conductor, with menace, "now then!"

The lady gave me a look which would have left an outdoors man pale beneath his tan.

"Ere," said the conductor. "What's the lark, eh? Your fare, please." Looking round, I perceived that I was again holding my audience's enthralled attention.

"It's true," I said. "I had a sixpence, but it sort of flew up."

The conductor nodded. His eyes were like well-sucked humbugs, just before you come to the soft bit.

"Sort of flew up," he said, nastily.

"That's right—and it went down here——"

"Oh, you——!" said the lady, springing up with an angry crackle of *Screen Love* and clumping down the companion-way. I didn't care about her; it was the sceptical conductor I was after.

"Now then," I said—"Look!"

However, the sixpence wasn't there.

"I'm looking," said the conductor. "Everybody's looking."

"It's gone down the back of the seat," I said wildly. "You know how it is at home—pencils, nail-scissors—they slip down the——"

"I'm not interested," said the conductor loftily, "in no nail-scissors. Nor no pencils neither, come to that."

The noble façade of Whitehall slipped past. There was silence on the top of the bus.

"Let us," I suggested boldly, "take the seat out."

"They don't take out," said the conductor. "Well?"

"Well," I said, and breathed deeply as we reached Trafalgar Square. "Well, then—I'm afraid it must be a two-shilling piece."

I found it in the south-east pocket of my yellow waistcoat and gave it him. Then I sat down, a receptive hand outstretched, and looked airily out of the window. As we passed one of Landseer's lions I wondered what Nelson would have done.

We were halfway round the Square when I realized that my receptive hand was still extended,

and empty. But I did not look round until the conductor spoke.

"I suppose," he said with loud and measured irony—"I suppose you wouldn't be General Smuts?"

"I would not," I said.

"Thought you might be—trying to swing me with a South African two-bob."

He put it into my hand with a vindictive slap. My reactions were slowed down, and it rolled out again on to the seat . . . and out of sight.

"There!" I cried. "That's where the sixpence went!"

"So you say."

"I do say," I said.

"Say what you like," said the conductor. "You gave me a South African florin. Deny that!"

"I do deny it," I said. "And if you take the seat out you'll——"

"They don't take out!"

"I know," I said.

I then went down the stairs and into the National Gallery, outside which we had been stationary for some time. Later, when I have finished these jottings, I shall make my way to the Baker Street Lost Property Office and get my sixpence back. I shan't worry about the florin—I am not sufficiently sure of my ground; but I hope, while I am there, to recover my brief-case and hat.

J. B. BOOTHROYD

2 2

#### Our Turbulent Minorities

"Labour won the 1945 General Election with nearly 12,000,000 votes. The Conservatives and their allies, the Liberal 'Nationals,' polled nearly 9,500,000 votes. 'Orthodox' Liberals, the main Liberal party, polled over 2,300,000 votes."—*Malaya Tribune*



## BOOKING OFFICE

## Three Novels

**T**ALE-TELLING is such a strong human instinct that few novels are viable without a good story. Periodically critics try to exalt some static virtue at the expense of narrative, but they never succeed for long. The last generation saw a temporary success of this kind, and the plot in fiction, like the subject in painting, was dethroned—which drove many expert writers to take refuge in the literature of entertainment, producing the irrelevantly high accomplishment of so many detective stories. Now, refreshed by several decades of fertile experiment, serious fiction has returned to narrative, and with the convergence of the popular and the critical theories of literature all is ready for the central stream to flow and masterpieces to be produced.

A book like Mr. Tom Hopkinson's *Down the Long Slide* has interesting differences from the thriller of a generation ago. It is basically an escape story, told with the speed and bareness of outline the novel has learned from the film. There are none of the elaborations which in Buchan add so much of the charm. It is very short but a lot happens. The political background of "The Thirty-nine Steps" was naïve but adequate; it served its purpose. Mr. Hopkinson's political background is horribly probable and is the most important part of his book, which describes what happens to an Old Revolutionary when his Revolution succeeds. From this point of view it is a descendant of "Darkness at Noon." Brusilov, ex-Resistance leader and now head of the very efficient State Publishing Trust, fights a committee battle with the representative of the police. As this does not end in his usual victory he senses danger and puts long-prepared plans into operation: once again he is on the

run. The climax comes after he has got across the frontier and landed in a displaced persons' camp. He hears that the Government have put out a story that they deliberately let him get away, and he realizes that the whole affair may have been a put-up job to get rid of a competitor too powerful to attack openly; might not the right thing have been to stay and fight it out once more? The excitement of the book combines that of the thriller and the political "inside story." There is, perhaps, nothing very new in it, but it is very well done and draws its strength from both the popular and the experimental traditions.

Mr. Frank Swinnerton's *The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay* is accomplished in an old-fashioned style, like the best of the New English Art Club. (After all, only the Johns and the Picassos go on changing ahead of the contemporary climate.) I found the book hard to get into, needing time to get adjusted to the Impressionist technique. The "free paint" surface always seems destructive of narrative, which gets eaten away by the glancing lights of description and the inexplicit conversations. Probably a younger writer would have used up the plot on a short story and given it a harder outline, a gain in readability but a loss in suggestiveness. I may belong to the wrong generation to enjoy it, but I can see that my seniors, and perhaps my juniors, might enjoy it very much. At least, the theme is new, the characters individualized and the writer understands his job, so that I can admire its qualities if I can not respond to them.

In Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge's *Affairs of the Heart* the story is very thin and the incidental decorations, for which the plot obviously exists, lack sufficient novelty to carry it. "Advanced circles," the relationship of collaborators and the biographer's search for the past have often been treated before. Satire must be as contemporary as it claims to be, and many of the types punctured here have been stock characters in detective novels for years. An occasional flash of inventive malice suggests that a straightforward survey of the literary scene on the lines of "The Thirties" might have been more effective than this uneasy fiction, which avoids the positive virtues of both the new manner and the old.

R. G. G. PRICE



## Prisoned Thinking

Almost all Russians have eyes movingly expressive beyond those of Westerners because as tiny children they spend nearly all their time completely swaddled. Between short periods of absolute freedom while being fed they are tight and straight immobile parcels, bound in a closed universe with all their fears and hatreds and revolts unexpressed unless in their glances. If Geoffrey Gorer and John Rickman are right in their startling and sometimes gruesome psychological study—*The People of Great Russia*—that same infant constriction affects the entire adult national mentality, being evidenced alike in wild alternations of joy and



despair, in preference for the rare orgy over a little steady comfort, in disregard of pain, in compulsion to pour forth their guilty souls before a sympathetic listener, not least in their fixing an iron curtain about themselves at the utmost attainable limit. In dealing with a nation of such mentality, it is here suggested, the weakness of inconsistency must be the one fatal mistake.

C. C. P.

### Spartan Folly

"No climate in the world is less propitious to picnics than the climate of England, yet with a recklessness which is almost sublime the English rush out of doors to eat a meal on every possible and impossible occasion," says Mrs. Georgina Battiscombe, in *English Picnics*, a highly entertaining study of this queer chink in our instinctive caution. The word picnic first appears in English in a letter of Lord Chesterfield, who used it in its original sense of a feast to which everyone brought a contribution, but the meal eaten at large we find as far back as Chaucer ("The Franklyn's Tale"). Pepys went in for it on the river in a big way, armed with his perspective glass. The eighteenth century added the sandwich, and the Victorians, lavishly encouraged by Mrs. Beeton, gave it form. Dipping freely into English literature, and always with nice ironic comment, Mrs. Battiscombe is warmly to be thanked for a book as graceful as it is amusing.

E. O. D. K.

### Poet in Harness

Overlapping the ages of Alcuin and Alfred *The Life and Times of Po Chü-i* portrays the sustained effort of a great Chinese poet to render his vocation serviceable to his fellows. That this was expected and encouraged in Po Chü-i's day speaks well for the stature and integrity of his country's civilization. The poet himself occasionally maintained that the double yoke was burdensome, and bitterly compared his lot to the wilting of a lotus planted outside a Town Hall. But he did his best—and a very good best—in all manner of government posts, interspersed with spells of exile and happier spans of cottage retirement during one of which he died. Mr. Arthur Waley, with a theme perennially fascinating, a characteristic and fully documented background and hundreds of poems and essays from which to produce new and telling translations, finds every activity of his versatile hero grist to his mill. His book is the fine flour of scholarship.

H. P. E.

### Man Against the Pole

Mr. Hammond Innes in *The White South* tells the story of the crew of a twenty-two-thousand-ton modern

whale factory-ship caught and crushed in the Antarctic ice-pack, and of their struggle for survival through the long months of the Polar winter. Most people, no doubt, think that the peril and romance of whaling fled the seas with Moby Dick. Mr. Innes, whose knowledge of the technical side of modern whaling is evidently encyclopædic, effectively demonstrates to the contrary. His story provides a convincing picture of the conflict between the courage and resource of man and the forces of Nature in her starkest and most ruthless mood—a conflict whose titanic proportions have, however, the effect of making the clash of human motives which forms the foreground of the picture seem by contrast trifling and even commonplace, despite the sensational quality of its incidents.

C. F. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

*Down the Long Slide.* Tom Hopkinson. (Hogarth Press, 7/6).

*The Doctor's Wife Comes to Stay.* Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson, 10/6).

*Affairs of the Heart.* Malcolm Muggeridge. (Hamish Hamilton, 8/6).

*The People of Great Russia.* Geoffrey Gorer and John Riekman. (Cresset Press, 10/6).

*English Picnics.* Georgina Battiscombe. (Harvill Press, 9/6).

*The Life and Times of Po Chü-i.* Arthur Waley. (Allen and Unwin, 18/-).

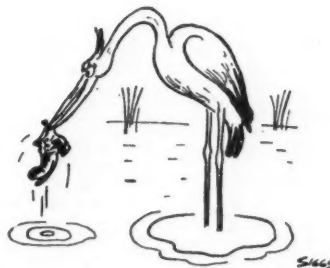
*The White South.* Hammond Innes. (Collins, 9/6).

### Other Recommended Books

*A Spell for Old Bones.* Eric Linklater. (Cape, 9/-) Odd, deceptively simple tale of the first century, when it seems there were giants about. The style mingles lyrical simplicity with broad comedy, and there are allegorical overtones.

*Outward be Fair.* Dennis Parry. (Hale, 8/6) A "psychological" murder story, not presented as a puzzle but worked out to a foreseen climax. Agreeably acid style, good court scenes; quite absorbing.

*The Hawksmoor Scandals.* Bernard Hollowood. (Harrap, 3/6) The case against steel nationalization, implied with great ingenuity in a series of lively letters between a schoolboy and his literary father. Pleasing illustrations by Illingworth.

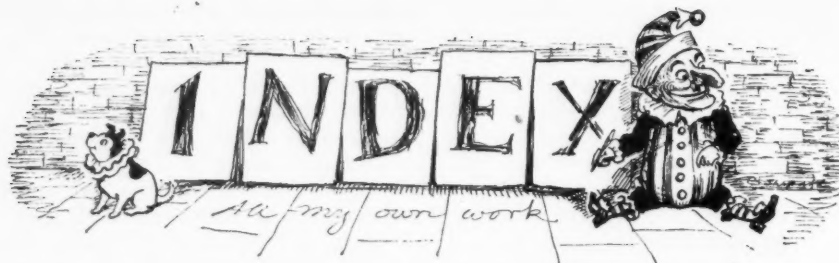


NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in PUNCH is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 6d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in any mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 2d.; Canada 1d. Elsewhere Overseas 2d. SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—Yearly, including Extra Numbers and Postage: Inland 30/-, Overseas 34/6 (U.S.A. \$5.25); Canada 34/- or \$5.50.





## Cartoons

ILLINGWORTH, L. G.	
And, Departing, Leave Behind Us . . . (An anti-litter appeal to holiday-makers) . . . . .	171
Better Spirit (A) (Mr. Morrison favours incentives for increased production) . . . . .	543
Child and the Tree (The) (Europe finds the Four Freedoms still out of reach) . . . . .	687
Devalued (The Chancellor and conflicting devaluation statements) . . . . .	371
Drake's Drum (The exploits of H.M.S. "Amethyst") . . . . .	143
Foundation Stone (The) (John Bull prefers self-reliance to dollar-aid) . . . . .	255

Further Outlook . . . (The social state v. private enterprise: the voters' choice in 1950) . . . . .	715
Get-Together (The dollar barrier to Britain's export trade) . . . . .	227
Give Us the Orders . . . (John Bull and the economic crisis) . . . . .	31
Hell Democracy! (The newly-formed German Democratic Republic: Russia's puppet) . . . . .	427
Holiday Reading (The mass of official and political books) . . . . .	115
Lion Still Has Wings (The) (Britain's air-might at Farnborough Pageant) . . . . .	283
Member for Woodford (To Mr. Churchill on his seventy-fifth birthday) . . . . .	598

Only Way (The) (The need for a reduced standard of living) . . . . .	87
Only Way Out (The) (Concerted action required to help United Nations out of economic chaos) . . . . .	199
Overdue (The delayed General Election holds up vital economic measures) . . . . .	399
Passing the Buck (At the Council of European Economic Co-operation) . . . . .	515
"Pipe Down!" (John Bull protests against the cost of State publicity) . . . . .	627
Red Road (The) (The Communist agitator and the unofficial striker) . . . . .	59

"Say Something—if it's Only 'Good-bye!'" (The country's need for Government leadership) . . . . .	487
Sheep's Paradise (Public complacency in the face of economic disaster) . . . . .	3
Short Cut (The) (Britain's proposed trade pacts with the Scandinavian countries) . . . . .	659
Strong Enough? (The Government's economy measures) . . . . .	455
Ticket of Leave? (A testing-time for Western Germany) . . . . .	571
Welfare State (The) (John Bull mollycoddled) . . . . .	311
What Goes Next? (On the devaluation of the pound) . . . . .	399

## Articles and Verse

AMB, MISS ELLEN DOROTHY	
Bridge as She is Bidden . . . . .	639
ATKINSON, ALEX	
At Home with Lucy . . . . .	485
Conversation at the Play . . . . .	178
I Wash Up . . . . .	205
Lucy is Downstairs . . . . .	94
Mr. Glover's Footsteps . . . . .	326
Mrs. Venner and the Drama . . . . .	562
Professional Portrait . . . . .	177
BAGGLEY, JESSE	
Nip in the Air (A) . . . . .	322
Old Windmill (The) . . . . .	238
Tom's Close . . . . .	554
BAILEY, F. G.	
Exhaust Pipe Dreams . . . . .	270
BAIRDON, DACRE	
Five-Star Cat . . . . .	216
Garden Party Talk . . . . .	215
Lordly Fishmonger (The) . . . . .	451
On the Mat Together . . . . .	145
BARBER, D. H.	
Bird (The) . . . . .	345
Bones . . . . .	503
Cause (The) . . . . .	708
Cobbold Code . . . . .	600
Face (The) . . . . .	583
Magie Hat . . . . .	335
Monsters (The) . . . . .	282
Noises Off . . . . .	78
Unbalanced . . . . .	136
BARKER, MISS D. C.	
At the Ballet—	
Marquis de Cueva's "Grand Ballet de Monte Carlo" . . . . .	52
Stars of the Ballet . . . . .	164
At the Festival—	
"Ballo in Maschera (Un)" . . . . .	304
Champs Elysées Ballet . . . . .	303
"Cosi fan Tutte" . . . . .	304
At the Opera—	
"Aida" . . . . .	479
"Boris Godunov" . . . . .	677
"Magie Flute (The)" . . . . .	479
"Olympians (The)" . . . . .	479
"Peter Grimes" . . . . .	479
"Salome" . . . . .	677
At Sadler's Wells . . . . .	619
Carols . . . . .	706
Proms Again (The) . . . . .	220
BARLOW, JAMES	
W-Day minus Ten . . . . .	117
BEAUMONT, BLANCHE	
"Vive le Tourisme!" . . . . .	162
BENNETT, MARGOT	
Mermaid at the Bottom of the Garden (A) . . . Summer Number	
Six Weeks' Journey to the Bottom of the House (A) . . .	139
BLACK, PETER	
Complaint Against Cooks (A) . . .	272

On Not Wearing a Hat . . . . .	722
Reflections on a Prophecy . . . . .	511
BLANFORD, MAJOR J. S.	
Few (The) . . . . .	285
To Mary, Rising Fives . . . . .	411
BOOTHROYD, J. B.	
At the Pictures—	
"House of Strangers" . . . . .	260
"Lost People (The)" . . . . .	260
"Magic Town" . . . . .	176
"My Dream is Yours" . . . . .	232
"Song is Born (A)" . . . . .	204
"Train of Events" . . . . .	232
"We Were Strangers" . . . . .	176
"Winter Meeting" . . . . .	204
Down to the Sea . . . . .	118
Essay: My Holiday . . . . .	
Summer Number	
Free Ride . . . . .	734
High Brass! . . . . .	574
Holiday-Makers . . . . .	386
Interrogation . . . . .	429
London Town—	
Billinggate . . . . .	356
Golden Hammer (The) . . . . .	556
Meat in Due Season . . . . .	700
Petticoat Lane . . . . .	184
What, No Highwaymen! . . . . .	644
Wonderful Warren (The) . . . . .	528
Man Who Knew (The) . . . . .	167
Mystery Men . . . . .	567
Session in the Sun . . . . .	83
Talk With a Department Store	414
Thrills! Chills! Spills! Dyspepsia! . . . . .	458
Thunder in the Air: Farnborough, 1949 . . . . .	286
BOYLE, P. R.	
Bond of the Rivers (The) . . . . .	155
Canals . . . . .	440
Circuitous Route . . . . .	210
Cowes Old and New . . . . .	146
Drinks at Durban . . . . .	462
Gloriana's Film Test . . . . .	223
Hereward Runs Aground . . . . .	40
I Was a Student of Copernicus . . . . .	
Summer Number	
Ma Kaung Bu . . . . .	320
My Hat's in the Highlands . . . . .	420
Nothing Like a Good Reel . . . . .	493
Pong-Party . . . . .	258
Will You Crew For Me? . . . . .	251
BRENNER, G. S.	
Glorious Twelfth (The) . . . . .	189
BRETHERTON, PAUL	
Straight from the Stables . . . . .	377
BROOKER, A. J.	
Endless Burden . . . . .	195
BROWN, HILTON	
Atlas at Twenty . . . Summer Number	
Great-Uncle's Golf . . . . .	475

BUCKLEY, WILMA	
Recruiting for Civil Defence . . . . .	570
BUSSEY, GERALDINE	
Counter Measures . . . . .	517
Watch the Birdie . . . . .	633
CADDICK, A. B.	
Ultra-Modern Sculptor (An) . . . . .	159
CAPELL, LADY IRIS	
Focus-Focus . . . . .	521
CHILD, MISS MARY	
Harrison's Farm . . . . .	100
CLINTON-BADDELEY, V. C.	
Gnomes . . . . .	686
Sister for Peter (A) . . . . .	717
COOLE, R. W.	
Horrible Child . . . . .	336
Parade of the Sick Soldiers . . . . .	540
CORNFORD, MRS. F. M.	
November in the Fields . . . . .	581
Old Lady in Ivy Cottage (The) . . . . .	117
Summer Twilight . . . . .	187
COURTNEY, RUSSELL	
Impressions of Parliament . . . . .	20, 48
76, 104, 388, 476, 504, 532, 560, 588, 616, 648, 678, 704	
CRAIG, BARRY	
Last Rose (The) . . . . .	438
Our Bus-Stop . . . . .	350
Our Drinking-Fountain . . . . .	121
Where to Buy Gramophone Records . . . . .	646
DAVIDSON, D. R.	
Achievements Ltd . . . . .	483
National Dog . . . . .	542
One Man's Meetings . . . . .	416
DAVIES, G. D. R.	
Adventures and Perils . . . . .	522
Answer Yes or No . . . . .	558
Enosis . . . . .	318
How Low is a Newspaper? . . . . .	192
I Know it Was Here Yesterday	348
Song Before Sunrise . . . . .	308
Spaniels Especially . . . . .	294
DAVIS, JOHN	
Ghost Story . . . . .	666
DAVIS, A. V.	
Battle of Flowers Summer Number	
Essence of Paris . . . . .	111
DICKINSON, PATRIC	
At a Party . . . . .	338
DORE, R. P.	
Circles' Circle . . . . .	608
Long Life in Japan . . . . .	236
DREW, K. P. A.	
Nearly So . . . . .	378
DUNN, LORD	
Ancient Mariner (An) . . . . .	4

Revenge of the Four Bad Men (The) . . . . .	60
Scarlet Letter (The) . . . . .	301
EDGAR, E. J.	
Operation Sunshade . . . . .	360
EDWARDS, MISS DOROTHY	
Brighton Road . . . . .	299
ELLIS, H. F.	
Are You Insured? . . . . .	372
By Guess and By Dew . . . . .	310
Castle on the Ground . . . . .	254
For the Sixty-Eighth Time (Oxford F. Cambridge at Twickenham) . . . . .	602
Liquid Soap for Smear Campaign . . . . .	514
Not So the Mackerel . . . . .	598
Not To Be Read for 50 Years	1
Territorials in Camp . . . . .	62
Thoughtless Mud . . . . .	426
Wine and Nuts . . . . .	426
ERDMAN, MICHAEL	
At Silver "C" Height . . . . .	319
Sunset . . . . .	498
FEACHEM, R. W.	
Shipping Forecast (The) . . . . .	390
FERGUSON, COLONEL BERNARD	
Edinburgh Festival . . . . .	230
New Erections (The) . . . . .	641
FERRY, M.	
Complaint . . . . .	581
FFORDE, MISS P.	
Us and the Labour Problem . . . . .	11
FOX SMITH, MISS C.	
Apples . . . . .	213
Deep Water . . . . .	180
Islands . . . . .	127
Lawn (The) . . . . .	52
Mad About Music . . . . .	112
FRASER, COLIN	
Word (The) . . . . .	367
FRASER, MAJOR I. M.	
Crisis at Passionfield Parva . . . . .	590
Rougetape Maltrovers . . . . .	530
GARVIE, R. M. H.	
In a Railway Refreshment Room . . . . .	650
GAUNT, WILLIAM	
Child versus Grown-Up . . . . .	330
Dream and the Picture (The) . . . . .	652
Entente Culturale . . . . .	735
Genuine Primitive (The) . . . . .	149
Inaccuracy of Artists (The) . . . . .	418
Matter of Detail (A) . . . . .	508
Spirit of Humorous Art (The) . . . . .	80
Taste of Princes (The): Art from Munich and Vienna . . . . .	22
Water-Colourist's World . . . . .	446

## Articles and Verse—continued

GRAHAM, MISS VIRGINIA <i>I Love Old Books</i> ..... 161	JAY, THOMAS Charivaria..... weekly	Much Enduring Screen (The) 693, 714	"So Dear to My Heart"..... 376
GRAVES, CHARLES What About the Spectators?.. 102	JOHNSON, PROFESSOR A. E. <i>American in Mayfair</i> ..... 689	Official Notice..... 30	"Spider and the Fly (The)"..... 664
GREENFELL, MISS JOYCE <i>Sunday Night Return</i> ..... 353	JONES, MERVYN Purpose of Visit..... 423	Rhapsody..... 2	"Third Man (The)"..... 288
GREENVILLE, GUY Charivaria..... occasionally	KATHRENS, W. H. VAUGHAN In This Green Hell..... 88	Suburban Circus..... 142	"Three Musketeers (The)"..... 64
GRIER, CHRISTOPHER Less Said the Better (The)... 605	KEAN, MISS P. M. Hier Spricht Man Deutsch?... 150	Wandering Orator (The)..... 486	"Top of the Morning"..... 316
GULLIVER, D. A. Charivaria..... weekly	KEOWN, ERIC At the Festival— "Cocktail Party (The)"..... 274 "Gentle Shepherd (The)"..... 275 "Man in the Raincoat (The)"..... 274 "Saxon Saint (The)"..... 275 "Thrie Estaltes (The)"..... 275	LEWIS, C. S. Conversation Piece: The Magician and the Dryad..... 71 Day With a White Mark (The) 170 Footnote to Pre-History (A)... 304	"Under Capricorn"..... 432 "You Can't Sleep Here"..... 344 Faulknerian Coils..... 370
HALL, NORMAN <i>Examinee Relaxes</i> ..... 712	HAMILTON, G. ROSTREYOR <i>Rupert and Diana</i> ..... 330	LING, PETER Train Call..... 466	MAYNE, F. Cruce est Invidia..... 122 Murder in the Making..... 46
HEALD, A. R. End of a Feud..... 436	HEATON, PETER HENRIKER <i>Gardening Hints</i> ..... 424 <i>Homing Pood (The)</i> ..... 349 <i>Keep Left Of Islands (The)</i> ... 164 <i>Lineage</i> ..... 489 Previous Correspondence..... 66 <i>Selling Space</i> ..... 50 <i>Serenade</i> 1949..... 207 <i>Thank You, America</i> ..... 582	LISTER, R. P. Apocalypse..... 446 Bakerloo Girl..... 549 Bee and the Tortoise (The).... 257 Career..... 106 Carib Queen (The)..... 601 Fatal Dogger-On (The)..... 580 Flag Droops (The)..... 370 Hog With a White Mark (The) 733 Kerry-Handed..... 323 Linguist (The)..... 642 Moodiwarp..... 182 On Looking into a Biographical Dictionary..... 626 Passenger Inquiry..... 246 Revolutionaries (The)..... 40 Sister, Come Soon..... 525 Summer Evening in a Garden. 133	MEADE, WALTER Fan Mail..... 55
HERBERT, SIR ALAN Cosmic Moss (The)..... 74, 244, 405, 461, 544	HERBERTSON, MISS A. G. <i>Drunk Sailer</i> ..... 350 <i>Humming Tramp (The)</i> ..... 289	LEWELLYN, D. W. A. Cart Gidding: First Prize.... 468 Heron..... 611 Mountain Ash..... 647 Nameless Dwelling (The)..... 502 Old Hound Remembers..... 650 Ryotous Hound (The)..... 711	MILNE, MISS ANGELA About Our Symphonium..... 186 Acting..... 292 Autumn..... 552 First Term at St. Egwisk's (The)..... Summer Number How to Renovate a Chest of Drawers..... 406 Instructions to Holiday Tenant..... 96 Little Less (The)..... 354 London Town— Picture Galleries..... 44 More About Finance..... 124 Pleasures of the Court (The)... 14 Plumber and the Pipe (The).... 725 Saturday Afternoon..... 612 Talk in a Fish-shop..... 243
HERBERTSON, MISS A. G. <i>Drunk Sailer</i> ..... 350 <i>Humming Tramp (The)</i> ..... 289	HEWISON, R. J. P. Home Thoughts on Abroad..... 289 To a Loquacious Committee-man..... 694	LONGSON, M. H. At a Club Net..... 47 Ballade of Inhibited Achieve-ment..... 275 Emotional Interlude..... 437 In the Train..... 215 Night School..... 242	MILNER, E. V. Announcement..... 190 Discord..... 75 Employers, Please Note..... 149 Hiking Hitch..... 484 Honours in Plastics..... 497 Jake's Progress..... 56 Philistine..... 613 Schottische..... 267 To My Last Secret, on Going for More..... 108 Twice is Too Much..... 684
HOLLAND, MRS. C. M. F. Avante Garde..... 181	HOLLIS, MARK <i>Right Angle</i> ..... 206 <i>Twist Cup and Lip</i> ..... 125	LUCE, MRS. W. H. Way One Comes (The)..... 586	MITCHELL, CHARLOTTE Occupations..... 373
HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD All or Nothing in the Game .. 12 Channel: Escape-Hatch..... 276 Council of Industrial Design..... 402 Day at the Office (A)..... 546 Don't Tell a Soul..... 433 For Sportsfans Only..... 346 Horses Don't Use Camphor .. 126 Glossary of Economic Slang (A)..... 680 London Town— Albert Hall (The)..... 90 General Post..... 384 Shades of the Mansion House 728 Three-Pin Plug (The)..... 600 Man Who Was Shamley (The) Summer Number Mrs. Richard's Profession..... 312 Narrow Escape from a Bus .. 534 Night Train to Guildford..... 634 Nineteen-Eighty-Four and All That..... 170 Nobody Works..... 233 Organ of Public Opinion (An) 578 Recessional..... 65 Sibylline Books (The)..... 298 Television's Progress..... 212 Truth About Poe (The)..... 702 What Very Few People Know About Money..... 160 You and Tourism..... 55	HOLLAND, MRS. C. M. F. Avante Garde..... 181	MCARTNEY, MRS. A. CAMPBELL Vacation Volte-Face..... 280	MOORE, E. T. How Was It?..... 206
HOLMES, W. K. <i>Ornithological</i> ..... 114	HOWARD, COLLY Black Market..... 198 Long Vacation..... 628 Marcus the Peacemaker..... 188 Memory Holds a Seat..... 290 Unpleasant Character (An).... 470	MCNEANE, JOHN Hat Trickery..... 721	MORTON, R. C. By Indirections..... 234 Human Interest..... 279
HOWARD, GEOFFREY <i>Baths of France (The)</i> ..... 413 <i>Misplaced Person</i> ..... 558	HOWSON, DANIEL <i>Verses Written After Reading a Treatise on Horse Manage-ment</i> ..... 714	MACKINTOSH, CYRIL On the Feast of Stephen..... 703	MOSTON, MRS. BENN Round..... 698 Tarentella..... 201
HOY, MISS BARBARA <i>Souvenir</i> ..... 245	JARMAN, WRENNE <i>Dwellers on the Moon (The)</i> .. 341	MACLAY, W. E. F. Conversation in the Park..... 452 Cross Currency..... 494 How Should One Write?..... 684 Words on Washing..... 624 Word to Parents (A)..... 37	NAISMITH, J. B. <i>Estas Mirabilis</i> ..... 590
		MALLETT, RICHARD Ah, Sweet Austerity!..... 256 Amos Revisited..... 59 At the Pictures— "Any Number Can Play"..... 492 "Barkleys of Broadway (The)"..... 288 "Champion"..... 92 "Chiltern Hundreds (The)"... 404 "Colorado Territory"..... 92 "Conspirator"..... 148 "Crooked Way (The)"..... 520 "Dark Past (The)"..... 376 "Dear Mr. Prohack"..... 316 "Don't Ever Leave Me"..... 120 "Down to the Sea in Ships" .. 36 "East of the Rising Sun"..... 692 "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit"..... 460 "Everybody Does It"..... 548 "Flamingo Road"..... 36 "Give Us This Day"..... 520 "Good Sam"..... 8 "Hasty Heart (The)"..... 344 "Hazard"..... 729 "Innocence is Bliss"..... 720 "Kind Hearts and Coronets" .. 8 "Knock On Any Door"..... 120 "Louisiana Story"..... 8 "Madame Bovary"..... 432 "Maudits (Les)"..... 664 "New Adventures of Don Juan (The)"..... 148 "Pinky"..... 632 "Private Angelo"..... 64 "Reckless Moment (The)"... 692 "Red, Hot and Blue"..... 492 "Red Pony (The)"..... 460 "Run For Your Money (A)"... 632 "Search (The)"..... 548 "Secret Garden (The)"..... 36 "Set-Up (The)"..... 36	NICHOLSON, R. L. Everything Resembles Some-thing..... 131 Give Me the Stars..... 28
		MALETT, RICHARD Ah, Sweet Austerity!..... 256 Amos Revisited..... 59 At the Pictures— "Any Number Can Play"..... 492 "Barkleys of Broadway (The)"..... 288 "Champion"..... 92 "Chiltern Hundreds (The)"... 404 "Colorado Territory"..... 92 "Conspirator"..... 148 "Crooked Way (The)"..... 520 "Dark Past (The)"..... 376 "Dear Mr. Prohack"..... 316 "Don't Ever Leave Me"..... 120 "Down to the Sea in Ships" .. 36 "East of the Rising Sun"..... 692 "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit"..... 460 "Everybody Does It"..... 548 "Flamingo Road"..... 36 "Give Us This Day"..... 520 "Good Sam"..... 8 "Hasty Heart (The)"..... 344 "Hazard"..... 729 "Innocence is Bliss"..... 720 "Kind Hearts and Coronets" .. 8 "Knock On Any Door"..... 120 "Louisiana Story"..... 8 "Madame Bovary"..... 432 "Maudits (Les)"..... 664 "New Adventures of Don Juan (The)"..... 148 "Pinky"..... 632 "Private Angelo"..... 64 "Reckless Moment (The)"... 692 "Red, Hot and Blue"..... 492 "Red Pony (The)"..... 460 "Run For Your Money (A)"... 632 "Search (The)"..... 548 "Secret Garden (The)"..... 36 "Set-Up (The)"..... 36	NICHOLSON, W. R. American Commentary..... 401
		MCARTNEY, MRS. A. CAMPBELL Vacation Volte-Face..... 280	NOBRISS, CECIL Charivaria..... weekly
		MCNEANE, JOHN Hat Trickery..... 721	NOYES, ALFRED In An Old Garden..... 445
		MACKINTOSH, CYRIL On the Feast of Stephen..... 703	ORAM, MISS M. W. Rectilinear Rapture..... 97
		MACLAY, W. E. F. Conversation in the Park..... 452 Cross Currency..... 494 How Should One Write?..... 684 Words on Washing..... 624 Word to Parents (A)..... 37	ORMEROD, JOHN Cosmos in the Drawing Room 317
		MALLETT, RICHARD Ah, Sweet Austerity!..... 256 Amos Revisited..... 59 At the Pictures— "Any Number Can Play"..... 492 "Barkleys of Broadway (The)"..... 288 "Champion"..... 92 "Chiltern Hundreds (The)"... 404 "Colorado Territory"..... 92 "Conspirator"..... 148 "Crooked Way (The)"..... 520 "Dark Past (The)"..... 376 "Dear Mr. Prohack"..... 316 "Don't Ever Leave Me"..... 120 "Down to the Sea in Ships" .. 36 "East of the Rising Sun"..... 692 "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit"..... 460 "Everybody Does It"..... 548 "Flamingo Road"..... 36 "Give Us This Day"..... 520 "Good Sam"..... 8 "Hasty Heart (The)"..... 344 "Hazard"..... 729 "Innocence is Bliss"..... 720 "Kind Hearts and Coronets" .. 8 "Knock On Any Door"..... 120 "Louisiana Story"..... 8 "Madame Bovary"..... 432 "Maudits (Les)"..... 664 "New Adventures of Don Juan (The)"..... 148 "Pinky"..... 632 "Private Angelo"..... 64 "Reckless Moment (The)"... 692 "Red, Hot and Blue"..... 492 "Red Pony (The)"..... 460 "Run For Your Money (A)"... 632 "Search (The)"..... 548 "Secret Garden (The)"..... 36 "Set-Up (The)"..... 36	PARKER, MISS PHYLLIS As You Like It..... 134
		MCARTNEY, MRS. A. CAMPBELL Vacation Volte-Face..... 280	PARRY, SONIA Fashion Page..... 661
		MCNEANE, JOHN Hat Trickery..... 721	PAWSEY, A. J. Internal Decoration: The Scientific Approach..... 358
		MACKINTOSH, CYRIL On the Feast of Stephen..... 703	PETTIWARD, DANIEL Alpine Lament..... 266 Home from Home..... 336 Proof..... 310 Root of All Love (The)..... 229 Stop Press from St. Sidney's .. 383
		MACLAY, W. E. F. Conversation in the Park..... 452 Cross Currency..... 494 How Should One Write?..... 684 Words on Washing..... 624 Word to Parents (A)..... 37	PHILLIPOTS, EDEN Few Credit This..... 605 Duplex Life (A)..... 254
		MALLETT, RICHARD Ah, Sweet Austerity!..... 256 Amos Revisited..... 59 At the Pictures— "Any Number Can Play"..... 492 "Barkleys of Broadway (The)"..... 288 "Champion"..... 92 "Chiltern Hundreds (The)"... 404 "Colorado Territory"..... 92 "Conspirator"..... 148 "Crooked Way (The)"..... 520 "Dark Past (The)"..... 376 "Dear Mr. Prohack"..... 316 "Don't Ever Leave Me"..... 120 "Down to the Sea in Ships" .. 36 "East of the Rising Sun"..... 692 "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit"..... 460 "Everybody Does It"..... 548 "Flamingo Road"..... 36 "Give Us This Day"..... 520 "Good Sam"..... 8 "Hasty Heart (The)"..... 344 "Hazard"..... 729 "Innocence is Bliss"..... 720 "Kind Hearts and Coronets" .. 8 "Knock On Any Door"..... 120 "Louisiana Story"..... 8 "Madame Bovary"..... 432 "Maudits (Les)"..... 664 "New Adventures of Don Juan (The)"..... 148 "Pinky"..... 632 "Private Angelo"..... 64 "Reckless Moment (The)"... 692 "Red, Hot and Blue"..... 492 "Red Pony (The)"..... 460 "Run For Your Money (A)"... 632 "Search (The)"..... 548 "Secret Garden (The)"..... 36 "Set-Up (The)"..... 36	PLATTS, MRS. B. Five Pills..... 152
		MCARTNEY, MRS. A. CAMPBELL Vacation Volte-Face..... 280	PLOWMAN, JENNIFER Smoker's Lament..... 429
		MCNEANE, JOHN Hat Trickery..... 721	PLUMBE, C. C. Cycle..... 381
		MACKINTOSH, CYRIL On the Feast of Stephen..... 703	PRICE, R. G. G. Annus Mirabilis..... 668 Arty Party..... 696 Festival of Britain..... 404 Summer Number For Auld Times' Sake..... 377
		MACLAY, W. E. F. Conversation in the Park..... 452 Cross Currency..... 494 How Should One Write?..... 684 Words on Washing..... 624 Word to Parents (A)..... 37	
		MALLETT, RICHARD Ah, Sweet Austerity!..... 256 Amos Revisited..... 59 At the Pictures— "Any Number Can Play"..... 492 "Barkleys of Broadway (The)"..... 288 "Champion"..... 92 "Chiltern Hundreds (The)"... 404 "Colorado Territory"..... 92 "Conspirator"..... 148 "Crooked Way (The)"..... 520 "Dark Past (The)"..... 376 "Dear Mr. Prohack"..... 316 "Don't Ever Leave Me"..... 120 "Down to the Sea in Ships" .. 36 "East of the Rising Sun"..... 692 "Entre Onze Heures et Minuit"..... 460 "Everybody Does It"..... 548 "Flamingo Road"..... 36 "Give Us This Day"..... 520 "Good Sam"..... 8 "Hasty Heart (The)"..... 344 "Hazard"..... 729 "Innocence is Bliss"..... 720 "Kind Hearts and Coronets" .. 8 "Knock On Any Door"..... 120 "Louisiana Story"..... 8 "Madame Bovary"..... 432 "Maudits (Les)"..... 664 "New Adventures of Don Juan (The)"..... 148 "Pinky"..... 632 "Private Angelo"..... 64 "Reckless Moment (The)"... 692 "Red, Hot and Blue"..... 492 "Red Pony (The)"..... 460 "Run For Your Money (A)"... 632 "Search (The)"..... 548 "Secret Garden (The)"..... 36 "Set-Up (The)"..... 36	



## Articles and Verse—continued

London Town— College of Arms (The) . . . . . 296 Dogs (The) . . . . . 202 Great West Road (The) . . . . . 72 New Clam . . . . . 228 Odd Affair (An) . . . . . 158 Private Zoo . . . . . 408 Slapper's Disease . . . . . 348 Staff Meeting . . . . . 320 Transport . . . . . 724 Unsuccessful Outing . . . . . 464	SCOTT, W. I. D. Name the Day . . . . . 570 SCRIVEN, R. C. Drowning Tree (The) . . . . . 573 Fruently . . . . . 669 Gipsy's Summer . . . . . 153 Man Who Kissed the Blarney Stone (The) . . . . . 292 Midsummer . . . . . 19 On Cookridge Hill . . . . . 400 Paradise Disdained . . . . . 198 Passat and Pamir . . . . . 559 Phyl . . . . . 130 Road to the Beach: Night . . . . . 93 To a Poet Ten Years Hence . . . . . 428 William Far Away . . . . . 526	London Town— Kew Gardens . . . . . 268 St. Paul's . . . . . 240 USBORNE, MARGARET Evaluation and the Toth . . . . . 392 USBORNE, RICHARD A. Poet Welcomes His American In-Laws (The) . . . . . 665 VALLINS, G. H. Lucy . . . . . 516 Shropshire Lad (A) . . . . . 568 Test Match . . . . . 58 Empire (The) . . . . . 24 WAKEFORD, D. B. Letters to the Editor of "The Homeworkers' Weekly" . . . . . 108 WALMSLEY, ERIC Application . . . . . 38 Ballade of Continuous Resist- ance . . . . . 362 Ballade of Unexamined Forti- tude . . . . . 609 Monstrosity . . . . . 677 Take a Trip Round My Mind . . . . . 154 WATT, T. S. Milton and I . . . . . 70 My New Car . . . . . 467 Radio Dramatist (The) . . . . . 27, 217 395, 442, 539, 683 Tales, Marvellous Tales . . . . . 592 With Music Loud and Long . . . . . 620 WHITEHEAD, J. W. "Ahoy!" . . . . . 434 My Weather Story . . . . . 572 WHYBROW, E. Facing the Crisis . . . . . 480 WILKES, ARNOLD Precious Stone (A) . . . . . 439 WILKINSON, MISS D. A. Christmas Cards . . . . . 686 In an Oxford College . . . . . 398 WILLY, MARGARET On the Dunes . . . . . 493 WITHERIDGE, G. A. C. Man at the Band (The) . . . . . 456 Man in the Cinema Queue (The) . . . . . 577 Man on the Bus (The) . . . . . 506 Man on the Pier (The) . . . . . 448 Planners (The) . . . . . 656	WOOSNAM-JONES, GROUP-CAPT. W. E. Old Railway (The) . . . . . 670 WRIGHT, H. O. S. To a Dear Young Thing . . . . . 396 YOUNG, B. A. At the Pictures— "Great Lover (The)" . . . . . 604 "Great Sinner (The)" . . . . . 604 "L'Angle A Deux Têtes" . . . . . 576 "Prince of Foxes" . . . . . 576 Ballade of Facial Phenomena (A) . . . . . Summer Number Be-are of the Tarantula . . . . . 32 British Motor-bus Practice and Performance . . . . . 142 Cool and Calculating . . . . . 208 Friends of Man . . . . . 98 Gift for Detection (A) . . . . . 694 Glory Too Far Shed (A) . . . . . 300 London Town— Longitude 0° 0' . . . . . 672 Royal Hospital, Chelsea (The) . . . . . 128 Tower of London (The) . . . . . 324 Making Cider . . . . . 430 Moonlight on Hamlet . . . . . 730 Realists (The) . . . . . 524 Safeguarding the France . . . . . 364 Twenty-One With the Fifty- Third . . . . . 265 Well-Misspent Youth . . . . . 518 Willingly to School . . . . . 174
---	--	--	--

## BOOKS REVIEWED in this volume by:

BICKLEY, FRANCIS BOWER, MRS. BARBARA E. EDEN, MRS. H. P. FITZGERALD, MRS. P. M. FOX SMITH, MISS C. HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD KROWN, ERIC KING, ROBIN MALLET, RICHARD MORROW, IAN F. D. PLUMBE, C. C. PRICE, R. G. G. SCRIVEN, R. C. SPENDER, MISS B. E. THORP, J. P. WALLIS, NEVILLE, A. D.
--

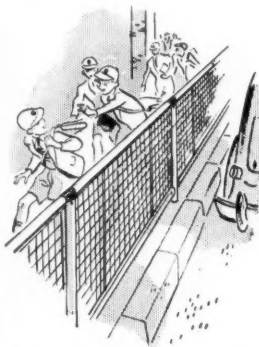
## Pictures and Sketches

ADAMSON, G. W. . . . . 217, 263 ANGRAVE, BRUCE . . . . . 598, 682 "ANTON" . . . . . 4, 32, 74, 93, 116, 144, 172, 207 246, 256, 326, 354, 386, 400, 437, 488, 582 628, 702 ARMITAGE, J. C. . . . . 108, 214, 308, 362, 435, 456, 696 AULD, PAT . . . . . 409, 457 BELSKY, M. C. . . . . 131, 321, 669 BLAKE, QUENTIN . . . . . 82, 166, 293, 329, 346, 537 551, 587, 614, 615, 622, 630, 631, 667, 730 CRESTERTON, R. W. . . . . 521 CORAM, ROBERT . . . . . 305 COTTOM, MISS J. M. . . . . 429 DOLLERY, P. . . . . 224 "DOUGLAS" . . . . . 29, 57, 85, 113, 141, 169, 197 225, 253, 281, 309, 337, 369, 397, 425, 453 485, 513, 541, 569, 597, 625, 657, 685, 713 DRISCOLL, B. . . . . 401 DUNN, MISS SHEILA . . . . . 289, 335, 366, 461, 506 EMETT, F. R. . . . . 24, 50, 60, 102, 130, 155, 180 223, 242, 267, 284, 327, 340, 372, 414, 440 441, 470, 502, 539, 544, 586, 600, 636, 674, 688 716 FALCONER, MISS PEARL . . . . . 118, 119, 556, 557 FOLKES, MICHAEL . . . . . 5, 132, 167, 201, 251, 319 350, 392, 423, 443, 463, 512, 523, 559, 642 689, 723 FINCH, FRANK . . . . . 39, 154, 252, 629, 650 FORSTER, REG . . . . . 684 "FOUGASSE" . . . . . 10, 67, 190, 233, 379, 497, 573 579, 635, 662, 663 FRANÇOIS, ANDRÉ . . . . . 89, 133, 195, 237, 643, 661 FRIERS, ROWEL . . . . . 159, 594, 675 GAINFORD, R. . . . . 125, 422, 540, 545 GARDNER, N. R. . . . . 245, 394, 538, 558, 596 GRAHAM, A. S. . . . . 137 GWYNN, DAVID . . . . . 97, 122, 194, 606 HENSHELL, L. . . . . 111 HICKSON, G. . . . . 18, 78, 102, 173, 196, 205, 204 317, 483, 495, 552, 589, 624, 652, 680 HOAR, H. F. . . . . 261, 367, 707 HOLLINGTON, JOHN A. . . . . 145, 208, 298, 333, 489 542, 710, 725	HOLLOWOOD, A. BERNARD . . . . . 11, 28, 46, 84, 165 220, 265, 348, 387, 405, 448, 484, 609, 654 683 JACKSON, ALFRED . . . . . 54, 61, 110, 134, 334, 364 393, 462, 509, 568, 712 JACKSON, ARTHUR . . . . . 94, 168, 449, 658 LANGDON, DAVID . . . . . 26, 37, 83, 106, 139, 161 179, 215, 249, 271, 307, 352, 349, 407, 421 445, 471, 494, 517, 567, 577, 578, 601, 639, 711 721 LEONARD, T. . . . . 234 LLOYD, A. W. . . . . 20, 48, 76, 104, 388, 476, 504 532, 560, 588, 616, 648, 678, 704 LOW, DOUGLAS . . . . . 81 MAHOOD, KENNETH . . . . . 181, 341, 474, 562 MANSHURIDGE, NORMAN . . . . . 77, 103, 117, 152, 218 236, 272, 314, 315, 390, 408, 430, 431, 466 490, 491, 516, 574, 575, 607, 644, 645, 660, 718 719 MARSHALL, FRANCIS . . . . . 14, 15, 98, 99, 230, 231 MARTIN, L. B. . . . . 530 MAYS, D. L. . . . . 70, 174, 175, 268, 269, 290, 328 358, 402, 403, 528, 529, 546, 547, 602, 603 672, 673, 728, 729 MILLS, W. . . . . 47, 243, 452, 592, 609, 655, 722 MORLAND-ABRAHAMS, LEWIS . . . . . 508 MORROW, GEORGE . . . . . 21, 49, 68, 105, 136, 158 188, 216, 244, 270, 300, 312, 360, 389, 416 444, 477, 505, 533, 561, 580, 617, 649, 679, 705 717 MYERS, DAVID . . . . . 514 SALISBURY, C. . . . . 222 SCULLY, W. P. . . . . 9, 41, 88, 160, 186, 200, 209 228, 266, 318, 351, 395, 451, 475, 511, 518 612 SEARLE, RONALD . . . . . 23, 51, 52, 79, 107, 135, 163 164, 191, 219, 247, 274, 275, 302, 303, 331 363, 384, 385, 447, 478, 479, 507, 518, 519 535, 569, 591, 618, 619, 651, 676, 677, 690, 691 732 SHEPARD, E. H. . . . . 1, 17, 29, 42, 43, 62, 63, 100 101, 113, 127, 146, 147, 182, 183, 213, 238 239, 253, 258, 259, 294, 295, 322, 323, 352 353, 369, 382, 383, 410, 411, 438, 468, 469 485, 498, 499, 526, 527, 554, 555, 610, 611 625, 640, 641, 670, 671, 698, 699, 726, 727 738, 740 SHERRIFFS, R. S. . . . . 8, 36, 64, 92, 120, 148, 176 204, 232, 260, 288, 296, 297, 316, 342, 343 344, 376, 391, 404, 419, 432, 460, 492, 520 548, 576, 604, 632, 664, 692, 720 SIGGS, L. H. . . . . 16, 75, 126, 178, 229, 278, 291 320, 365, 368, 424, 436, 482, 525, 565, 572 621, 634, 666, 681, 737 SILLINCE, W. A. . . . . 6, 7, 44, 45, 72, 73, 90, 91 128, 129, 156, 157, 184, 185, 202, 203, 240 241, 324, 325, 356, 357, 442, 472, 473 500, 501, 549, 584, 585, 665, 695, 700 701, 734 SMITH, G. W. . . . . 480 SPROD, G. N. . . . . 27, 121, 150, 177, 193, 276, 293 306, 349, 417, 433, 464, 465, 496, 524, 553 595, 613, 623, 638, 697, 703, 731 STAMPA, G. L. . . . . 104 STARKE, L. H. . . . . 124, 192, 221, 273, 373, 420 454, 570, 620, 646 STEVENS, L. S. . . . . 250 TAYLOR, J. W. . . . . 13, 19, 33, 53, 65, 96, 206, 262 336, 355, 359, 396, 406, 434, 467, 481, 510 534, 566, 608, 633, 693, 736 TIMYX, W. . . . . 522 WILES, ALEC E. . . . . 38, 80, 140, 280, 285, 361 380, 553 WILES, A. F. . . . . 12, 56, 66, 112, 138, 149, 212 248, 257, 299, 345, 381, 415, 450, 525, 593 668, 686, 709, 724, 735 WILSON, MERVYN . . . . . 189, 277, 301, 536, 647, 708 WITHAM, BEN . . . . . 109
---	--





# Palisading for the East or — Safety Barriers for Schools



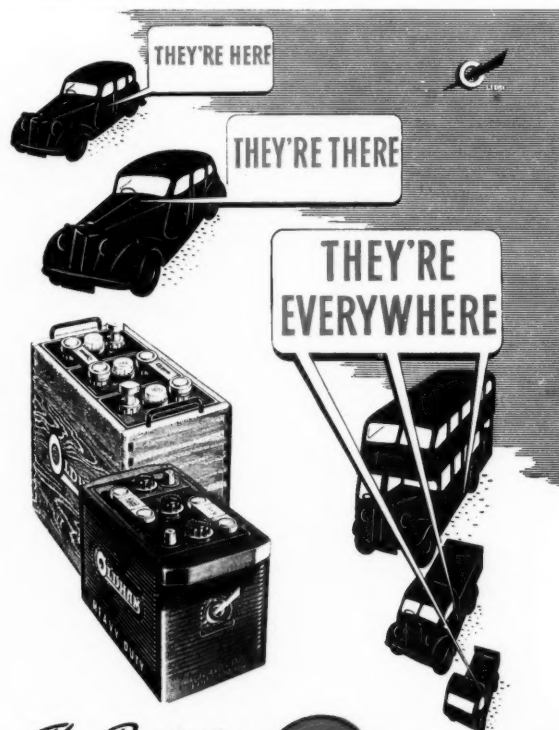
In the East people who see palisading going up have probably never heard of Bayliss, Jones & Bayliss — nor for that matter have the little boys and girls who blithely rush out of school and are protected by our safety barriers. But the men who ordered from us knew a good deal about our qualifications. Just in case your knowledge is incomplete let us add that we make:—

Bolts and Nuts, Railway Fastenings, Fencing, Gates, Ornamental Ironwork, Fabricated Steelwork, Rounds, Flats, etc., H.T. & L.T. Line Equipment, General Forgings and Castings, Steel Bars, Sections for Railway and Tramway Fastenings, Components for Agricultural Implements and Equipment

Many of these things we ship to all parts of the world, that is, wherever architects, builders, farmers, gardeners, technicians or engineers have need of them

## Bayliss, Jones & Bayliss Ltd.

Head Office: VICTORIA WORKS, WOLVERHAMPTON. Tel.: Wolverhampton 20441  
London Office: 139 CANNON STREET, E.C.4. Telephone: Mansion House 8524



The Batteries  
with power  
to spare



OLDHAM & SON LTD · DENTON · MANCHESTER · ESTABLISHED 1865



Daddy  
said he  
thought he'd mix  
something new

with

# Weetabix

—MORE THAN A BREAKFAST FOOD

Oh, the excitement of Weetabix cookery—even for amateurs! It goes with everything. It's wheat, malt, salt and sugar. It's all goodness. It's all ready. It's all right!

POPULAR PACK 9d.

# 167

In recent years one hundred and sixty seven firms  
have entrusted their development schemes to  
John Laing & Son Limited.

Such schemes include factories for light industries,  
complete works reconstruction and vast projects  
for heavy engineering



We invite you to consult us now if you are planning  
construction work either at home or overseas

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED London NW7 Carlisle Lusaka Johannesburg  
Building and Civil Engineering Contractors · Established in 1848

# PRESCRIPTION for PROSPERITY



*Every working party* sent overseas to compare manufacturing methods brings back the same inescapable answer. Greater and cheaper production per man by Britain's rivals is due to their wider use of Mechanical Handling. They give man-power horsepower. Handling adds nothing whatsoever to the value of goods, but only to their cost. The prescription for prosperity is Mechanical Handling.

Here, now, and made in Britain, is a machine which handles; carrier, lifts, stacks and loads; almost anything, 2,000 to 6,000 lb. at a time. It is a machine for cutting non-productive time. We may use it, or we may delay using it. But we cannot evade the issue. Only by eliminating non-productive time—and its crippling cost—can Britain compete, or even survive.



## COVENTRY CLIMAX Fork Trucks

For detailed information about the Coventry Climax Models best suited to your needs, write to Dept. 13  
COVENTRY CLIMAX ENGINES LTD., WIDDRINGTON ROAD WORKS, COVENTRY



